

A N
E X T R A C T
O F T H E

Rev. Mr. JOHN WESLEY's

J O U R N A L,

From *Oct.* 27, 1743, to *Nov.* 17, 1746.

VI.

L O N D O N :

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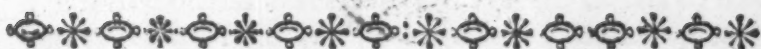
A N

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J O U R N A L.



Friday, October 28, 1743.

WE rode with *William Holmes*, an Israelite indeed, from *Epworth* to *Syke-house*. Here I preached at ten, and hastened on to *Leeds*: from whence, setting out early in the morning, I had hopes of reaching *Wensley-dale* before it was dark. But it could not be. So in the dusk of the evening, understanding we had five or six miles still to ride, I thought it best to procure a guide. In less than an hour, it being extremely dark, I perceived we were got out of all road. We were in a large meadow, near a river, and (it seemed to me) almost surrounded with water. I asked our guide, "Do you know where you are?" And he honestly answered "No." So we rode on as we could, till about eight we came to a little house, whence we were directed into a lane which led to *Wensley*.

A 2

Sunday, 30.

Sunday 30. Mr. Clayton read prayers, and I preached, on, *What must I do to be saved?* I shewed in the plainest words I could devise, "That mere out-side religion would not bring us to heaven: that none could go thither without inward holiness, which was only to be attained by faith." As I went back through the church-yard, many of the parish were in high debate "What religion this preacher was of?" Some said, he must be a Quaker: others an Anabaptist: but at length one deeper learned than the rest, brought them all clearly over to his opinion, "That he was a *Presbyterian-Papist!*"

Monday 31. We set out early in the morning, and in the evening came to *New-castle.*

Wednesday, Nov. 2. The following Advertisement was published.

For the benefit of Mr. *Este*:

"By the *Edinburgh* company of Comedians, on *Friday Nov. 4,* will be acted a Comedy called, *The Conscious Lovers*: To which will be added a Farce, called *Trick upon Trick*, or *Methodism displayed.*

On *Friday*, a vast multitude of spectators were assembled in the *Moot-Hall* to see this. It was believed, there could not be less than fifteen hundred people, some hundreds of whom sat on rows of seats, built upon the stage. Soon after the Comedians had begun the first act of the play, on a sudden all those seats, fell down at once, the supporters of them breaking like a rotten stick. The people were thrown one upon another, about five foot forward, but not one of them hurt. After a short time, the rest of the spectators were quiet, and the Actors went on. In the middle of the second Act, all the shilling seats gave a crack, and sunk several inches down. A great noise and shrieking followed, and as many as could readily got to the door, went out and returned no more. Notwithstanding this, when the noise was over, the Actors went on with the play. In the beginning of the third Act, the entire stage suddenly
sunk

sunk about six inches. The players retired with great precipitation: yet in a while they began again. At the latter end of the third Act, all the six-penny seats, without any kind of notice fell to the ground. There was now a cry on every side, it being supposed, that many were crushed in pieces. But upon inquiry, not a single person (such was the mercy of God!) was either killed or dangerously hurt. Two or three hundred remaining still in the hall. Mr. *Este* (who was to act the *Methodist*) came upon the stage and told them, "For all this, he was resolved, the farce should be acted." While he was speaking, the stage sunk six inches more: on which he ran back in the utmost confusion, and the people as fast as they could out of the door, none staying to look behind him.

Which is most surprizing, "That those players acted this farce the next week?" Or, "That some hundreds of people came again to see it?"

Sunday 6. We had an useful, practical sermon at *St. Nicholas's* church in the morning, and another at *St. Andrew's* in the afternoon. At five I preached to a willing multitude, on the prodigal son. How many of these were lost, and now are found?

In the following week I endeavoured to speak severally, to each member of the Society. The numbers, I found, neither to rise nor fall: but many had increased in the knowledge and love of God.

Sunday 13. And the following days, I preached and regulated the Societies at *Painshar*, *Tansfield*, *Horsely* and *Placey*. *Thursday 17.* I preached at the *Spem* on *Christ Jesus our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption*. I have seldom seen an audience so greatly moved, since the time of my first preaching at *Bristol*. Men, women and children wept, and groaned, and trembled exceedingly. Many could not contain themselves in these bounds, but cried with a loud and bitter cry. It was the same at the meeting of the So-

tiety ; and likewise in the morning, while I was shewing the happiness of those *whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sin is covered*. I afterwards spake with twelve or fourteen of them severally ; and found good ground to believe, that God had given them *to taste of the good word, and of the powers of the world to come*.

Sunday 20. After preaching at *Newcastle* morning and evening, I earnestly exhorted the Society, " To beware of speaking evil of each other, and of censuring those who followed not with us."

Monday 21. I besought them in my farewell sermon, " To forget the things which are behind, and press on to the prize of their high calling."

Tuesday 22. I preached at *Norton*, five miles from *Ferribridge*, and in the evening at *Sykehouse*. Here I received a full account of poor *David Taylor*, once a workman that needed not to be ashamed. Three years since, he knew all we preached to be true. Then Mr. *I.* brought him over to *German Stillness*. When I talked with him at *Sheffield*, he was thoroughly sensible of his mistake : but Mr. *Simpson* soon drew him into it again. A third time he was deeply convinced by my brother, and unconvinced shortly after. He was once more brought into the scripture-way by Mr. *Graves*, and seemed to be established therein. But in a few months he veer'd about to the old point, and has been a poor sinner indeed ever since.

Wednesday 23. I rode to *Leeds*, preached in the evening and morning, Thursday 24. and went on to *Birstol*, where I preached at one in the afternoon ; and again about seven in the evening.

Friday 25. At the desire of *Arthur Bate* I rode to *Wakefield*, in order to talk with his wife. But I soon found, I did not come to talk but to hear. After an hour or two, we rode on to *Barley-hall*, where I preached on, *God is a Spirit, and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth*. Thence we rode to *Sheffield*, where I preached in perfect peace on, *We know that we are of God*.

Saturday 26. I went on to *Nottingham*. In the

the morning, *Sunday 27.* I preached in the house at five, and about eight, at the High Cross, on *Why will ye die, O house of Israel.* I went thither again from St. Mary's in the afternoon, and proclaimed to an immense multitude, *Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever.* I saw not one scoffer, or one trifler, but all to a man appeared serious and attentive.

Monday 28. I rode to *Breson*, and spent an hour or two in conversation with Mr. *Simpson*; the oddest, honestest Enthusiast surely, that ever was upon earth. Before we parted he told me, "One thing I don't like; your taking away my flock at *Nottingham.* Just now that text is brought to my mind. It is the very case. Pray read it out." I did so, as follows, *And Abraham reproved Abimelech, because of the well which Abimelech's servants had violently taken away.* I desired him to read my answer in the next verse. *And Abimelech said unto Abraham, I wot not who hath done this thing: neither heard I any thing thereof from thee, save this day.*

In the afternoon I rode to *Markfield.* After preaching there twice, on *Thursday 29.* I went on to *Hinkley*, and preached to a large and quiet congregation. We rode to *Market Harborough* that day, the next to *Hockley*, and on *Thursday Dec. 1.* to *London.*

I had full employment here for some weeks following, in speaking severally to the members of the Society. Many of these I was obliged to set aside; there remained about two and twenty hundred persons.

January 1, 1744. I received a letter from a poor man, wrote in the fulness of his heart, as follows.

"Herein is written lamentation, and mourning, and woe.

“S I R,

“**I** Have had but very little rest since I left you, the cause of which was, my leaving God first. It is true, I did in a very solemn manner, on my knees break from you, as though I had done so, merely to please God; but by what followed, it appears otherwise. For I no sooner broke off from you, than I began to think how I might make a worldly advantage by it. O, thought I, I shall not now be so scrupulous in many things, particularly in doing work on the Lord's day. Then I got me some rabbits and fowls, and I would be sure to feed and clean them well on that day, and to be out on the hunt for food for them. And I took care my poor family should be sharers with me in the drudgery; or else they must expect many a sour look and bitter word at least. I then grew worse and worse; insomuch that I have given such occasion to the enemy to blaspheme, such a wound to religion, as I could not heal, were I to live ten thousand years. O what have I done? O what have I lost! O that I might be admitted into God's favour once more! Pray for me, I beseech you; and if you see any hope left, if you do not think that repentance will be denied me, though I seek it carefully with tears. Then if you can think of any shame that will be bad enough for me to undergo, before I am admitted into that company I so willingly left, see whether I will not readily submit to it. O that God would be pleased to bring me into light and love again! How careful would I be of his grace! How would I deny myself, take up my cross, endure shame, suffer persecution of every kind, follow the dear Lord Jesus without the camp! But I have crucified him afresh. O that I could give full scope to my mind. But I cannot. These lines are but a very imperfect description of the state, condition and desire, of that backslider, that apostate, that traitor.

John Eaver.

Sunday 8. In the evening I rode to *Brentford*, on *Monday* to *Marlborough*, and the next day to *Bristol*.

Wednesday 11. I began examining the Society: and not before it was wanted. For the plague was begun. I found many crying out, "Faith, faith! Believe, believe!" But making little account of the fruits of faith, either of holiness or good works. In a few days they came to themselves, and had a more thorough understanding of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Wednesday 25. I preached at *Bath*, on *James ii. 14.* *Can faith save him?* Many of the audience appeared to be deeply convinced. And one, though a gentlewoman, could not conceal the emotion of her mind, but broke out into strong cries and tears. Perhaps even here the *bread we have cast upon the waters, shall be found after many days.*

Friday 27. Having finished the work I proposed, I left *Bristol*, and *Saturday 28.* reached *London*.

Wednesday, Feb. 1. Just before the time I had designed to begin preaching at the chapel, I was seized with such a pain as I do not remember ever to have felt before in my life. But I forgot it as soon as I had read my text, *Psal. xviii. 1. &c. I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.*—And from that time I felt it no more.

About this time the soldiers abroad begun to meet together, as we learned from the following letter.

Ghent, Feb. 2. 1744.

"S I R,

"I Make bold to send you these lines. *Feb. 18. 1743.* we began our march for *Germany*. I was then much cast down, and my heart was ready to break. But the day we marched to *Mastricht*, I found the love of God shed abroad in my heart,
that

that I thought my very soul was dissolved into tears. But this lasted not above three weeks, and then I was in heaviness again: till on *April 24*. I was walking in the fields, God broke my hard heart in pieces. And yet I was not delivered from the fear of death. I went to my quarters very sick and weak, in great pain of soul and body. By the morning I was so weak I could scarce go. But this proved a sweet night to my soul. For now I knew, there was no condemnation for me, believing in Christ Jesus.

June 16. The day we engaged the *French* at *Dettingen*, as the battle began, I said, "Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded." Joy overflowed my soul, and I told my comrades, "If I fall this day, I shall rest in the everlasting arms of Christ." Now I felt, I could be content to be cast into the sea, for the sake of my dear brethren, so their eyes might be opened, and they might see, before it was too late, the things that belong unto their peace.

When we came to winter quarters, there were but three of us joined together. But now by the blessing of God, we are increased to twelve. And we have reason to believe, the hand of the Lord is with us. I desire, for the sake of Him whom we follow after, that you would send us some instructions, how to proceed in our little Society. — God is become a mouth to me, and has blest even my words to some of their souls. All praise and glory, and honour, be unto Him and to the Lamb for ever and ever!

From your affectionate brother,

J. H.

Wednesday 15. We were informed of the invasion intended by the *French*, who were expected to land every hour. I therefore exhorted the congregation, in the words of our Lord, (*Luke xxi. 36.*) *Watch ye and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things, and to stand before the Son of Man.*

Thursday

Thursday 16. In the evening, after expounding the third chapter of *Jonah*, I besought every one to turn from his evil way, and cry mightily to God: and enlarged on these words, *Who can tell if God will turn and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger that we perish not?*

We observed *Friday 17.* as a day of solemn fasting and prayer. In the afternoon, many being met together, I exhorted them, now, while they had opportunity, to make to themselves, friends of the mammon of unrighteousness: to deal their bread to the hungry, to clothe the naked, and not to hide themselves from their own flesh. And God opened their hearts, so that they contributed near fifty pounds, which I began laying out the very next hour, in linen, woollen and shoes, for them whom I knew to be diligent, and yet in want. In the evening I expounded *Daniel 3*; and those words in particular: *The God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace. But if not, we will not serve thy Gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.*

Saturday 18. I received an account from *James Jones*, of another kind of invasion in *Staffordshire*. The substance of it was as follows.

“On *Monday, January 23*, a great mob gathered together, at *Darlaston*, a mile from *Wednesbury*. They fell upon a few people who were going to *Wednesbury*, and among the rest, on *Joshua Constable's* wife of *Darlaston*. Some of them threw her down, and five or six held her down, that another might force her. But she continued to resist, till they changed their purpose, beat her much, and went away.

“*Monday, Jan. 30.* The mob gathered again, broke into *Joshua Constable's* house, pulled part of it down, broke some of his goods in pieces, and carried the rest away: particularly, all his shop goods, to a considerable value. But not satisfied with this, they sought for him and his wife, swearing, they would knock their brains out. Their little children mean-time, as well as themselves, wandered

wandered up and down, no one daring to relieve or take them in, lest they should hazard their own lives.

"*Tuesday 31.* About a hundred of the mob met together, on the Church-Hill at *Wednesbury*. But hearing some of *Wednesbury* were resolved to defend themselves, they dispersed for that time.

"*Wednesday, Feb. 1.* Mr. *Charles Wesley* came to *Birmingham*, and the next day preached at *Wednesbury*. The whole congregation was quiet and attentive, nor had we any noise or interruption.

"*Monday 6.* I accompanied him part of his way, and in the afternoon came back to *Wednesbury*. I found the Society met together, and commending themselves to God in prayer, having been informed, that many both at *Darlaston* and other places, had bound themselves by an oath, to come on *Shrove-Tuesday* (the next day) and plunder all the *Methodists* in *Wednesbury*.

"We continued in prayer till the evening. I desired as many as could, to meet me again at eight in the morning. But I had scarce begun to speak, when one came running with all speed, and told us, a large mob was coming into the town, and had broke into some houses already. I immediately retired to my father's house: but he did not dare to receive me. Nor did any one else; till at length *Henry Parks* took me in; whence early in the morning I went to *Birmingham*.

"The mob had been gathered all *Monday* night, and on *Tuesday* morning they began their work. They assaulted, one after another, all the houses of those who were called *Methodists*. They first broke all their windows, suffering neither glass, lead, nor frames to remain therein. Then they made their way in: and all the tables, chairs, chest of drawers, with whatever was not easily removable, they dashed in pieces, particularly, shop-goods, and furniture of every kind. What they could not well break, as feather-beds, they cut in pieces, and strewed about the room. *William Sitch's* wife was lying-in: but that was all one:

one: they pulled away her bed too, and cut it in pieces." (Had the *French* come in their place, would they have done more?) "All this time none offered to resist them. Indeed most part, both men and women, fled for their lives. Only the children stayed, not knowing whether to go.

"Wearing apparel, and things which were of value, or easily saleable, they carried away: every man loading himself with as much as he could well carry, of whatever he liked best.

"Some of the gentlemen who had set the mob to work, or threatened to turn away Collier or Miner out of their service, that did not come and do his part, now drew up a paper, for those of the Society to sign, importing, that they would never invite or receive any *Methodist* preacher more: On this condition, they told them they would stop the mob at once; otherwise they must take what followed.

"This they offered to several: but they declared one and all, we have already lost all our goods: and nothing more can follow, but the loss of our lives, which we *will* lose too, rather than wrong our consciences.

"On *Wednesday* the mob divided into two or three companies, one of which went to *Aldridge*, four miles from *Wednesbury*, and plundered many houses there, as they had done in several other villages. Here also they loaded themselves with cloaths and goods of all sorts, as much as they could stand under. They came back through *Walsal* with their spoils. But the gentlemen of *Walsal*, being apprised of their coming, raised a body of men, who met them, took what they had away, and laid it up in the town-hall. Notice was then sent to *Aldridge*, that every man who had been plundered, might come and take his own goods.

"Mr. *Wood* of *Wednesbury* likewise told several they should have what could be found of their goods, on condition they would promise, not to receive or hear those preachers any more.

On Friday in the afternoon I went from Birmingham, designing to go to Tipton-Green. But finding the mob were still raging up and down, I returned to Birmingham, and soon after (having as yet no more place in these parts) set out for London."

Any who desires to see a fuller and more particular account of these surprizing transactions, may read a small tract, intitled, "Modern christianity exemplified at *Wednesbury*."

Before I leave this subject, it may be proper to insert an advertisement, which was not long after inserted in the publick papers.

In the *Whitehall* and *London-Evening Post*, Saturday, February 18, was a paragraph with some mistakes, which it may not be amiss to rectify. "By a private letter from *Staffordshire*, we have advice of an insurrection of the people called Methodists." The insurrection was not of the people called Methodists, but against them: "Who upon some pretended insults from the church party,"——They pretended no insults from the church party; being themselves no other than true members of the church of England; but were more than insulted by a mixt multitude of churchgoers (who seldom, if ever, go near a church) Dissenters and Papists; —— "have assembled themselves in a riotous manner"—Here is another small error personæ. Many hundreds of the mob did assemble themselves in a riotous manner, having given publick notice several days before (particularly by a paper set up in *Walsal* market-place that on *Shrove-Tuesday* they intended to come and destroy the Methodists, and inviting all the country to come and join them. "And having committed several outrages——without ever committing any, they have suffered all manner of outrages for several months past: "They proceeded at last to burn the house of one of their adversaries."——Without burning any house, or making any resistance, some hundreds of them on *Shrove-Tuesday* last, had their own houses broken up, with windows, window-cases, beds,

beds, tools, goods of all sorts, broke all to pieces, or taken away by open violence; their live goods driven off, themselves forced to fly for their lives, and most of them stript of all they had in the world.

“ Ever since the 20th of last *June*, the mob of *Walsal*, *Darlaston* and *Wednesbury*, hired for that purpose by their betters, have broke open their poor neighbour's houses at their pleasure, by night and by day, extorted money from the few that had it, took away or destroyed their victuals and goods, beat and wounded their bodies, threatened their lives, abused their women (some in a manner too horrible to name) and openly declared, they would destroy every *Methodist* in the country: the *christian* country where his Majesty's innocent and loyal subjects have been so treated for eight months, and are now, by their wanton persecutors, publickly branded for rioters and incendiaries !”

Sunday 19. Mr. *Viney* came to me from *Yorkshire*, and told me, “ About a year ago, being then *Vor-steher* (a kind of president) in the church of the *brethren*, I proposed some scruples I had concerning our discipline, with the reasons on which they were grounded to Mr. *Spangenberg*, and begged, that till these were removed, I might have liberty to remain, not a governor, but a private member of the church.”

“ To this Mr. *Spangenberg* would not comply. So at his instance, I continued in my office, and the thing slept till *May 1743*, when in a meeting of the *labourers* (so they term their church-officers) I was ordered to withdraw, and the following questions were proposed, 1. whether *Richard Viney* were not of satan, and an enemy to the church? And 2. Whether his objections to the discipline of the *brethren*, did not spring from anger, and self, and pride? After a debate of four hours, I was called in and asked, “ If I was convinced those objections were wrong? I said, I was not, I desired they would cast lots; which after a little

debate, they did. The lot came, "the objections are just." So for a time the thing slept again.

"But in *November* following, they considered the point again: the result was, that they sent one to tell me, "I was of satan, had raised objections against the *brethren* from anger, and self, and pride, and therefore I was cut off from the church, and delivered over to satan." I was greatly surprized, but not disturbed. God gave me perfect peace. After much prayer, I wrote to you, to know where I might meet you. I know it was the will of God I should come, and that I should give myself up to your direction; and therefore I have spoke without any disguise or reserve." I told him, "If you go back, you are welcome to go, if you stay with me, you are welcome to stay. Only whatever you do, do it with a clear conscience, and I shall be satisfied either way."

After a few days, he went back to *Yorkshire* to talk with his wife. *The brethren* saw him again, and I saw him no more.

Saturday 25. In returning at night from *Snow's-fields*, at the corner of *Joyner-street*, the coach, wherein five of us were, was overturned, but without any one's being hurt: although the shock was so great as not only to dash the fore-windows in pieces, but to break the axle-tree in two.

Monday 27. Was the day I had appointed to go out of town. But understanding a proclamation was just published, requiring *all Papists* to go out of *London*, before the *Friday* following, I was determined to stay another week, that I might cut off all occasions of reproach. I was the more willing to stay, that I might procure more raiment for the poor, before I left *London*.

For this purpose I made a second collection, which amounted to about thirty pounds. But perceiving, that the money received, would not answer one third of the expence, I determined to go round the classes, and beg for the rest, till I had gone through the whole Society.

Friday, March 2. I began to put this in execution.

cution. While I was at a house in *Spittle-fields*, a Justice of Peace came, with the parish-officers, being on their search for Papists. I was glad of the opportunity to talk with them at large, both of our principles and practice. When I went out, a pretty large mob attended me to the door of the house to which I was going. But they did us no hurt, only gaped, and stared, and holloood as loud as they could.

Monday 5. I was much prest to write an address to the King, which I did in the following terms :

“To the King’s most excellent Majesty :

The humble Address of the Societies in *England* and *Wales*, in derision called *Methodists* :

Most gracious Sovereign,

SO inconsiderable as we are, *a people scattered and peeled and trodden under foot from the beginning hitherto*, we should in no wise have presumed, even on this great occasion, to open our lips to your Majesty, had we not been induced, indeed constrained so to do, by two considerations : the one, that in spite of all our remonstrances on that head, we are continually represented, as a peculiar sect of men, separating ourselves from the established church : the other, that we are still traduced as inclined to popery, and consequently disaffected to your Majesty.

Upon these considerations, we think it incumbent upon us, if we must stand as a distinct body from our brethren, to tender for ourselves, our most dutiful regards to your sacred Majesty : and to declare in the presence of Him we serve, the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords, that we are a part (however mean) of that Protestant church, established in these kingdoms : that we unite together for this, and no other end, to promote, so far as we may be capable, justice, mercy, and

truth, the glory of God, and peace and good-will among men : that we detest and abhor the fundamental doctrines of the church of *Rome*, and are steadily attached to your Majesty's royal person and illustrious house,

We cannot indeed say or do either more or less, than we apprehend consistent with the written word of God. But we are ready to obey your Majesty to the uttermost, in all things which we conceive to be agreeable thereto. And we earnestly exhort all with whom we converse, as they fear God, to honour the King. We of the clergy in particular, put all men in mind, to revere the higher powers as of God ; and continually declare ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake.

Silver and gold (most of us must own) we have none. But such as we have, we humbly beg your Majesty to accept ; together with our hearts and prayers : may He who hath bought us with his blood, the Prince of all the Kings of the earth, fight against all the enemies of your Majesty, with the two-edged sword that cometh out of his mouth ! And when he calleth your Majesty from this throne, full of years and victories, may it be with that voice, come, receive the kingdom prepared for thee, from the beginning of the world !

These are the continual prayers of your Majesty's dutiful and loyal subjects,

JOHN WESLEY, &c.

But upon farther consideration, it was judged best to lay it aside.

Sunday 11. I found it was absolutely necessary for me, to spend a few days at *Bristol*. In the evening I set out. As I rode through *Newbury* the next day my horse fell and threw me into a deep mire. I was not hurt, but after cleaning myself a little, went on, and came to *Kingswood* between one and two on *Tuesday*. I preached here with great enlargement

enlargement of heart, as I did at *Bristol* in the evening.

Wednesday 14. I endeavoured to clear up the misunderstandings, which had arisen, by hearing the contending parties face to face. It was as I suspected, a meer strife of words: of which they were all so fully sensible, that I believe, they will not so easily again fall into this snare of the devil.

Thursday 15. I talked largely with the *Kingswood* stewards, concerning the state of their school, and Society; and then with the master, mistress, and children, and found great cause to bless God on their behalf. In the evening I preached at *Bristol* on *I will love thee, O Lord my strength*; commending myself to their prayers, I rode to *Marshfield*.

Saturday 17. We reached *London*. *Sunday 18,* was a day of rest. *Tuesday 20.* Having received a summons from the Justices of *Surry*, to appear at their court at *St. Margaret's Hill*, I did so, and asked, "Has any one any thing to lay to my charge?" None made any reply. At length, one of the justices said, "Sir, are you willing to take the oaths to his Majesty? and to sign the declaration against Popery?" I said, I am; which I accordingly did, and returned home.

Thursday 22. I gave the Society an account, of what had been done with regard to the poor. By the contributions and collections, I had received about one hundred & seventy pounds; with which above three hundred and thirty poor had been provided with needful cloathing. Thirty or forty remaining still in want, and there being some debts for the cloaths already distributed, the next day, being *Good-Friday*, I made one collection more of about six and twenty pounds. This treasure, at least, neither rust nor moth shall corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.

Saturday 24. My brother and I agreed, it was enough for one of us to stay in town, while the other endeavoured to strengthen our brethren in other parts. So on *Monday 26,* I set out with *James Wheatly*, and came in the evening to *Newbury*.
While

While we were at breakfast the next day, two or three poor men were with many oaths relating their exploits the day before. I turned, and appealed to their own hearts, "Whether they were doing well?" They owned their fault, and were so loving that we could scarce get away.

We called at a house in the afternoon, wherein the first person we met, was so drunk, that she could not speak plain, and could but just make shift to curse and swear. In the next room we found three or four more merry people, keeping *Easter* in much the same manner. But their mirth was soon spoiled. They gave earnest heed to the things they little regarded before, and knew not how to express their thankfulness for our advice, and for a few little books which we left with them.

In the evening I preached at *Bristol*. On *Wednesday* and *Thursday*, I settled all things there, and on *Friday* 30. rode to *Middlesey*, where I preached to a small, serious congregation. *Saturday* 31. Calling at *Chard*, I light upon a poor woman, un-awares, who was earnestly groaning for redemption. At noon we spent an hour with a little company in *Axminster*, and hastened on for *Crockern-wells*. But the hail and snow falling-fast, we could not reach it, till past nine o'clock.

Sunday, April 1. I rode to *Sticklepath*. At one I preached in an open place, on *This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son.* A storm of rain and hail began while I was preaching: but the congregation did not move. At five I preached again. Many of the poor people followed me to the house at which I lodged: and we could not consent to part, till I had spent another hour in exhortation, and prayer, and thanksgiving.

I read to-day the strange account of that *John Endicot*, governor of *New-England*, and his associates there, who beat and imprisoned so many of the poor Quakers, and murdered *William Robinson*, *Marmaduke Stephefon*, and others. O who would have

have looked for farther inquisitors at *Boston*! Surely these men did not cry out against *Popish* cruelty!

Monday 2. I preached at five, and rode on toward *Launceston*. The hills were covered with snow, as in the depth of winter. About two we came to *Trewint*, wet and weary enough, having been battered by the rain and hail for some hours. I preached in the evening to many more than the house would contain, on the happiness of him whose sins are forgiven. In the morning *Degory Isbel* undertook to pilot us over the great Moor, all the paths being covered with snow, which in many places was driven together, too deep for horse or man to pass. The hail followed us for the first seven miles; we had then a fair, though exceeding sharp day. I preached at *Gwenap* in the evening to a plain, simple-hearted people; and God comforted us by each other.

Wednesday 3. About eleven we reached *St. Ives*. I was a little surprized at entering *John Nance's* house, being received by many who were waiting for me there with a loud (though not bitter) cry. But they soon recovered, and we poured out our souls together in praises and thanksgiving.

As soon as we went out, we were saluted, as usual, with a huzza, and a few stones or pieces of dirt. But in the evening none opened his mouth while I proclaimed, *I will love thee, O Lord my strength.*——*I will call upon the Lord which is worthy to be praised: so shall I be safe from my enemies.*

Thursday 5. I took a view of the ruins of the house which the mob had pulled down a little before, for joy that Admiral *Matthews* had beat the *Spaniards*. Such is the *Cornish* method of thanksgiving! I suppose, if Admiral *Lestock* had fought too, they would have knocked all the *Methodists* on the head.

Both this morning and evening the congregation was as large as the house could well contain. In the Society, God did indeed sit upon his people,
as

as a refiner's fire. He darted into all (I believe, hardly one excepted) the melting flame of love : so that their heads were as water, and their eyes as fountains of tears.

Friday 6. I spoke with the members of the Society severally, and observed with great satisfaction, that persecution had driven only three or four away, and exceedingly strengthened the rest. The persecution here was owing in great measure to the indefatigable labours of Mr. *Hoblin*, and Mr. *Simmons* : gentlemen worthy to be had in everlasting remembrance for their unwearied endeavours to destroy Heresy.

*Fortunati ambo ! Si quid mea pagina possit,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Saturday 7. I took down part of the account of the late riot ; which (to shew the deep regard of the actors herein for his Majesty) was on the self same day on which his Majesty's proclamation against rioters was read. Yet I see much good has been brought out of it already ; particularly, the great peace we now enjoy.

About eleven *John Nance* and I set out for *Morva*. Having both the wind and rain full in our faces, we were thoroughly wet before we came to *Rosemargay*, where some of our brethren met us. I found there had been a shaking among them, occasioned by the confident assertions of some, that they had seen Mr. *Wesley*, a week or two ago, with the Pretender in *France* ; and others, that he was in prison at *London*. Yet the main body still stood firm together, and were not removed from the hope of the gospel.

The wind and rain beat hard upon us again, as we walked from *Morva* to *St. Just*, which also frightened many from coming. However some hundreds were there, to whom I declared, " If ye have nothing to pay, God will frankly forgive you all." It is remarkable, that those of *St. Just*, were the chief of the whole country, for hurling, fighting,

fighting, drinking, and all manner of wickedness. But many of the lions are become lambs, are continually praising God, and calling their old companions in sin, to come and magnify the Lord together.

Sunday 8. I preached here at five and at twelve, and in the evening at *Morva*. *Monday 9.* I preached at noon on *Triggivary Downs*, about two miles from *Penzance*. A great congregation was deeply attentive while I described the sect which is *every where spoken against*. At four I preached near *Gulval*, regulated the little Society, and returned to *St. Ives*.

Tuesday 10. I was inquiring, how Dr. ———, a person of unquestioned sense and learning, could speak evil of *this way*, after he had seen such a change in the most abandoned of his parishioners? But I was satisfied, when *Jonathan Reeves* informed me, "That on the Dr's. asking him, who had been the better for this preaching? And his replying, "The man before you (*John Daniel* for one, who never before *knew any work of God upon his soul*;" the Dr. answered; "Get along; you are a parcel of mad, crazy-headed fellows;" and taking him by the shoulder, fairly thrust him to the door.

See here, what it is, which the world accounts madness! The knowing *a work of God upon our soul*.

In the afternoon I walked over to *Zunnor*, and after preaching, settled the infant Society.

Wednesday 11. Being the publick fast, the church at *St. Ives* was well filled. After reading those strong words, *If they have called the master of the house Beelzebub, how much more them of his household*. Mr. H. fulfilled them, by vehemently declaiming against the new sect, as enemies of the church, Jacobites, Papists, and what not! After church we met, and spent an hour in prayer, not forgetting the poor sinner against his own soul.

In the evening I preached at *Gwenap*. I stood on the wall, in the calm, still evening, with the setting

setting sun behind me, and almost an innumerable multitude before, behind, and on either hand. Many likewise sat on the little hills, at some distance from the bulk of the congregation. But they could all hear distinctly while I read, *the disciple is not above his Master*, and the rest of those comfortable words, which are day by day fulfilled in our ears.

Thursday 12. About eleven I preached at *Crovan*. In the afternoon we heard of the success of Mr. *H's* sermon. *James Wheatly* was walking through the town in the evening, when the mob gathered, and began to throw stones from all quarters. He stepped into a house. But the master of it followed him, like a lion, to drag him out. Yet after a few words, his mind was changed, and he swore, nobody should hurt him. Meantime one went for a Justice of Peace, who came, and promised to see him safe home. The mob followed, hollooming and shouting amain. Near *John Painter's* house the Justice left him: they quickly beset the house. But a messenger came from the Mayor, forbidding any to touch Mr. *Wheatly*, at his peril. He then went home. But between seven and eight the mob came and beset *John Nance's* house. *John Nance* and *John Painter* went out and stood before the door, though they were quickly covered with dirt. The cry was "Bring out the preacher; pull down the house:" and they began to pull down the boards which were nailed against the windows. But the Mayor hearing it, came without delay and read the proclamation against riots, upon which, after many oaths and imprecations, they thought proper to disperse.

About six I reached *Morva*, wet through and through, the rain having continued with scarce any intermission. However a little company were gathered together, to whom I preached on, *Ask, and it shall be given you*. The next day I had time to dry my cloaths at Mr. *John's* near *Penzance*. At noon I preached on the Downs, not far from
his

his house. About three at *Gulval*, and at *St. Ives* in the evening.

Saturday 14. I took my leave of *St. Ives*; preached at two in *Cambourn*, and at *Gwenap* in the evening. *Sunday 25.* I preached here again at five, and at eight in *Stithian* parish. The place was a green, triangular plat, capable of holding eight or ten thousand men. I stood on one of the walls that inclosed it. Many sat on the other two. Some thousands stood between and received the word with all readiness of mind.

At five I preached at *Gwenap*, on a little hill, near the usual place. It rained from the time I began till I concluded. I felt no pain while I spoke, but the instant I had done, and all the time I was with the Society, my teeth and my head ached so violently, that I had hardly any senses. I lay down as soon as I could and fell asleep. In the morning (blessed be God) I ailed nothing.

Monday 16. In the afternoon we came again to *Trewint*. Here I learned, that notice had been given of my preaching that evening in *Lancast* church which was crowded exceedingly. Mr. *Bennet* (the minister of *Lancast*) carried me afterwards to his house, and (though above seventy years old) came with me in the morning to *Trewint*, where I had promised to preach at five.

Before we parted, *Digory Isbel* informed me, of an accusation against me, current in those parts. It was really one which I did not expect: no more than that other, vehemently asserted at *St. Ives*, of my bringing the Pretender with me thither last autumn, under the name of *John Downes*: it was, that "I called myself *John Wesley*, whereas every body knew Mr. *Wesley* was dead."

In the afternoon we came to *Sticklepath*; I preached at five. In the evening the house was crowded as before. After a short exhortation, and an hour spent in prayer, I commended them to the grace of God.

Wednesday 18. Before eight we reached *Crediton* (or *Kirton*) or rather the ruins of it. For the
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houses on both sides were all in ashes, for several hundred yards. Lighting on a serious woman I asked, "Are the people of this place now warned to seek God?" She answered, although some of them perished in the flames, the rest are just as they were before, cursing, swearing, drinking, playing, and making merry, without God in all their thoughts." She added, "No longer ago than *Thursday* last, the men who were rebuilding one of the houses, were bitterly cursing, swearing one at another, and two of them above the rest, when an arch they were under fell, and crushed those two, with all their bones in pieces." Will ye not at length hear the rod, and Him that hath appointed it?

Between five and six in the evening we reached *Mine-head*. Finding a general expectation of it among the people, about seven I preached near the sea-shore, to almost all the inhabitants of the place. Most of the gentlemen of the town were there, and behaved with seriousness and decency. *Thursday 19.* Having a Sloop ready, which came on purpose, we ran over the Channel in about four hours. Some of our friends were waiting for us on the shore. About one we came to *Fonmon* Castle. I found a natural wish, "O for ease and a resting-place." Not yet. But eternity is at hand!

I preached at six, and at five in the morning. *Friday 20.* About ten we set out for *Cardiff*: where in the evening I preached in the Castle-yard. All were serious and attentive.

Saturday 21. I rode to *Garth* in *Brecknockshire*, and on *Sunday 22.* preached in the church there, both morning and afternoon. On *Monday 23.* I preached in *Maesmennys* church, and afterwards in the church-yard at *Builth*. I observed only one man with his hat on: probably through inattention; for he likewise kneeled down on the grass with the rest, as soon as I began to pray.

Tuesday 24. I preached at *Maesmennys* again, and about five in *Landdu* church near *Brecknock*.
Such

Such a church I never saw before. There was not a glass-window belonging to it; but only boards, with holes bored here and there, through which a dim light glimmered in. Yet even here may the light of God's countenance shine. And it has shone on many hearts.

Wednesday 25. We rode over the still snowy mountains. At twelve I preached at *Killigaer*: in the evening at *Cardiff*, and the next evening at *Fonmon*. On *Saturday 28.* I returned to *Bristol*.

After resting here, for eight days (though not unemployed) on *Monday, May 7.* I set out for the North. I preached about eight at *Aslon*: in the afternoon at *Stroud*: in the evening at *Painf-wick*, and at five the next morning. About eight, *Tuesday 8.* I called at *Glocester*, designing only to speak with a friend: but finding a house full of people, I would not disappoint their expectation, but stayed and preached on the form and the power of Godliness. This made me somewhat later than I intended at *Cheltenham*, where I preached on *By grace ye are saved through faith*, to a company who seemed to understand just as much of the matter, as if I had been talking *Greek*. I found a people of quite another kind at *Gutherton*, to whom I preached on *Repent ye, and believe the gospel*. And many called upon God for grace so to do, even with strong cries and tears.

We had a remarkable blessing again at five in the morning, *Wednesday 9.* About noon I preached at *Stanley*, (a mile from *Gutherton*) at three in *Tewksbury*, and in the evening at the Abby in *Eversham*.

Thursday 10. Riding by *Birmingham*, I called at a village three miles beyond it. Here a poor man was cursing and swearing at so uncommon a rate, that I was constrained to speak to him very plainly. He received it, drunk as he was, in great love, and so did all his companions.

Friday 11. I preached at *Sheffield*: on *Saturday 12.* about ten, at *Barley-hall*. In the afternoon I rode to *Epworth*, and immediately went to Mr.

Maw's, to return him thanks for his good offices to Mr. *Downes*, and his honest and open testimony for the truth, before the worshipful Bench at *Kirton*. It was not his fault, that those *honourable men* regarded not the laws either of God, or the King. But a soldier they were resolved he should be, right or wrong—"Because he was a preacher." So to make all sure, they sent him away, a prisoner to *Lincoln* gaol!

My first design was, to have gone the shortest way from *Sheffield* to *Newcastle*. But it was well I did not, considering the inexpressible panick, which had spread itself in all places. So that I came just in time to remind all the poor frightened sheep, that *even the hairs of our head are all numbered*.

I preached thrice at *Epworth* on Sunday, and on Monday 14. at *Terry*. The constable which took Mr. *Downes* for a soldier, with one of the churchwardens were of my audience. I was informed, they had threatned great things before I came. But their threatnings vanished into air.

At two many of our brethren at *Epworth* met, whom I chearfully commended to the grace of God. We were riding gently toward *Fishlake*, when two or three persons met us, and begged "we would not go that way; for the town, they said, was all up in arms, and abundance were waiting for us in the way, many of whom had made themselves very drunk, and so were ripe for any manner of mischief." We accordingly rode to *Sykehouse* another way. Some came in all hast hither also, to tell us, "All the men in the congregation would be prest." Others affirmed, "The mob was just a coming, and that they would certainly fire the house, or pull it down to the ground." I told them "Then our only way was, to make the best use of it while it was standing." So I began expounding the tenth chapter of *St. Matthew*. But no man opened his lips against us.

Tuesday 15. After comforting the little flock at *Norton*, I rode the shortest way to *Birshal*. Here I found

I found our brethren partly mourning, and partly rejoicing, on account of *John Nelson*. On *Friday* the 4th instant (they informed me) the constables took him just as he had ended his sermon at *Arther-ton*, and the next day carried him before the commissioners at *Hallifax*, the most active of whom was Mr. *Coleby*, vicar of *Birstal*. Many were ready to testify, that he was in no respect such a person as the act of parliament specified. But they were not heard. He was a preacher; and that was enough. So he was sent for a soldier at once. †

At seven I preached on the hill, no man interrupting me. Afterwards I inquired into the state of the Society, and found great cause to bless God, whose grace, even in these trying times, was sufficient for them.

Wednesday 16. I talked at large with Mr. *Viney*. He said, "His first perplexity arose, from reading and reflecting upon some writings which the Count published in *Pensylvania*: and that the more deeply he considered the whole affair, the more thoroughly he was convinced, 1. That the Count was at least as much the head of theirs, as the Pope of the *Roman* church. 2. That he had cruelly and unjustly broke up the congregation at *Pilger-rub* in *Holstein*, because (in obedience to the King of *Denmark*, their lawful Prince) they had disclaimed his superiority over them. 3. That the labourers among the brethren, were absolutely arbitrary in their government of the people; and lastly, that they grossly abused the lot, in support of their arbitrary power.

Thursday 17. I preached at five on *Matthew* the tenth: at noon, at *Little Horton*, near *Bradford*: about three in the afternoon at *Stickerlane*, and at *Birstal* in the evening.

Friday 18. I rode to *Leeds*, and preached in great peace. *Saturday 19.* I went on to Mr. *Clayton's* at *Wensley*; and on *Sunday 20.* preached

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† All the particulars of this memorable transaction is set down in "The Case of *John Nelson*, written by himself."

in *Redmire* church on part of *John* iii. the gospel for the day. In the afternoon I preached at *Bolton* chapel on *We know that we are of God*. I was much pleased at the serious behaviour of the congregation, both in the morning and afternoon : especially at *Redmire*, where from a village of about thirty houses, we had more than fifty communicants.

Monday 21. I rode to *Newcastle* and passed a quiet week. *Monday* 28. I began visiting the classes in the town, and on *Sunday*, *June* 3, those in the country, which I had never found so much in earnest before. I trust, there is not only, not a disorderly walker, but hardly a trifler left among them.

Friday 8. I preached at night on *John* xvii. 3. The house could not contain the congregation : and most of them stayed either within or without, till the end of the midnight hymn.

Sunday 10. I preached at *Biddick*, about eight : at *Tanfield*, as soon as morning prayer was over. At *Spennithorne* about three, and in *Newcastle* at six. I concluded the day, in praising God with the Society.

Monday 11. I left *Newcastle*, and in the afternoon met *John Nelson* at *Durham*, with *Thomas Beard* : another quiet and peaceable man, who had lately been torn from his trade and wife and children, and sent away as a soldier : that is, banished from all that was near and dear to him, and constrained to dwell among lions, for no other crime, either committed or pretended, than that of calling sinners to repentance. But his soul was in nothing terrified by his adversaries. Yet the body, after a while, sunk under its burden. He was then lodged in the Hospital at *Newcastle*, where he still praised God continually. His fever increasing, he was let blood. His arm festered, mortified and was cut off : two or three days after which God signed his discharge, and called him up to his eternal home.

“ Servant

“ Servant of God, well done ! Well hast thou
 (fought
 The better fight ; who single host maintain'd
 Against revolted multitudes the cause
 Of God, in word, mightier than they in arms.”

Tuesday 12. In the evening I came to *Knaresborough*. About nine o'clock I was informed, that the house in which we were, was beset on every side, with men, women and children, and desired those within, to set open the doors, and let all come in that would. When the house was full, I came down. The noise presently ceased, and I proclaimed, *Christ our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption*. Only one drunken man gave a little interruption: but his companions soon thrust him out of doors. So let all satan's devices fall on his own head ! I trust, this mob did not come together in vain.

Wednesday 13. I rode to *Leeds*, and thence to *Birstal*. *Tuesday 14.* I accompanied *John Bennet* into *Lancashire*. I preached to a small congregation at eleven ; in the afternoon at *Woodley* in *Cheshire*; and in the evening at *Chinley-End* in *Derbyshire*, on *Repent ye and believe the gospel*.

Friday 15. I preached at *Chinley* at five : about noon in the *Peak*, and in the evening at *Barley hall*.

Saturday 16. in the evening I preached at *Sykehouse*. And by setting out early in the morning,

Sunday 17. at eight preached in *Epworth*. I came thither in season. For, two such sermons as Mr. *Ramley* preached on this day, so exquisitely bitter, and totally false, I cannot say I ever heard before.

After evening service I preached on *Rom. iii. 22.* to a much larger congregation than in the morning. And I believe all that were sincere of heart, were exceedingly comforted.

Monday 18. I left *Epworth*, and on *Wednesday 20.* in the afternoon met my brother in *London*.

Monday 25. and the five following days, we spent in Conference with many of our brethren (come from several parts) who desire nothing but
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to save their own souls, and those that hear them. And surely as long as they continue thus minded, their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

The next week we endeavoured to purge the Society of all that did not walk according to the gospel. By this means we reduced the number of members to less than nineteen hundred. But number is an inconsiderable circumstance. May God increase them in faith and love!

Monday, July 9. My brother set out for *Cornwall*. I had much trouble for the fortnight following, in endeavouring to prevent an unwary man from destroying his own, and many other souls. On *Monday 23.* when I set out for *Bristol*, I flattered myself, that the work was done. But upon my return, I found I had done just nothing: so that on *Thursday, August 2.* I was constrained to declare in the Society, that *Thomas Williams* was no longer in connection with us.

Friday 10. I preached to the Debtors in *Newgate*, and desired two or three of my friends to attend them weekly. I had a serious, well-behaved congregation. Perhaps God may give us some fruit here also.

Tuesday 14. Mr. *Piers* rode over with me to *Shoreham*, and introduced me to Mr. *Perronet*. I hope to have cause of blessing God for ever, for the acquaintance begun this day.

Wednesday 15. I went to *Bedlam*, at the repeated request of Mr. *S.* who had been confined there above two years. This was the person, who while he was speaking against my brother and me to the Society at *Kingswood*, was in a moment struck raving mad. But it seems, God is at length intreated for him, and has restored him to a sound mind.

Thursday 16. I received a remarkable letter, part of which is here subjoined:

Aug.

Aug. 14, 1744.

Rev. S I R,

" I Was surprized on *Sunday*, when you was pleased to tell me, I carried things to extremes, in denying the lawful pleasures in eating. I denied only self-indulgence in eating—All which I advance is, that he who will be Christ's disciple, must absolutely deny himself. It was once a great self-denial to me, not to go to a play, or to other diversions. But this is now no self-denial to me at all. So that if I was now called to deny myself in these things only, I might take up with what is past, and now live an agreeable, self-indulgent life. But God forbid. I plainly see every hour produces occasions of self-pleasing. And this I apprehend is a sufficient call for, and rule of self-denial. For instance: in the morning, it is a great self-denial, to rise out of a warm bed. But if I do not, I am immediately condemned as a slothful servant. If I do, I find a great inward blessing. Under the preaching, it is self-pleasing, to see who is here, who there. But if I do let my eye wander, I become cold and lifeless: If I deny myself, I often find even a present reward. In walking the streets, I can please myself, by looking this way and that; on this chariot, that house and picture. But if I deny myself, for Christ's sake, his consolations abound with me.

But I may deny myself outwardly, and yet be self-indulgent, namely by allowing myself in vain and trifling thoughts. Here is a continual fight, and a hard struggle I must have before I conquer. But when I do overcome, I lose nothing by it: for my soul is delighted with secret refreshments.

At noon, I may find many pleasant things. And of this it was, that I said to Mr. *Richards*, "If there are two dishes set before you, by the rule of self-denial, you ought to eat of that which you like the least." And this rule I desire to observe myself: always to choose what is least pleasing and cheapest. Therefore I feed much upon milk:

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it is pleasant enough, and nothing I can find is so cheap. Whereas, if one sort of food be dearer than another, and yet I abuse it, because more agreeable to my appetite ; this I apprehend is directly contrary to the discipleship of a self-denying master. And this kind of self-indulgence (not in food only) is practised by too many that know the truth.

I suppose, Sir, you now perceive I do not condemn all pleasure in eating. But I condemn all self-indulgence both in that and other things, particularly in talking. Many who think themselves believers, please themselves with talking more than is profitable. They talk even of the things of God, till they bring a deadness, nay, an unaccountable carelessness over their spirits. I don't say, they laugh or talk idly. But still they are not deeply serious, nor is their conversation truly solid : whereas I should think the conscience of a true believer, is tender as the apple of an eye : and that to such a one it would be less pain to suffer the rack, than to trifle, either in word or deed."

Tuesday 21. I set out with a few friends for *Oxford*. On *Wednesday* my brother met us from *Bristol*. *Friday 24.* *St. Bartholomew's* day, I preached, I suppose, the last time at *St. Mary's*. Be it so. I am now clear of the blood of these men. I have fully delivered my own soul.

The Beadle came to me afterwards, and told me "The Vice-Chancellor had sent him for my notes." I sent them without delay, not without admiring the wise providence of God. Perhaps few men of note would have given a sermon of mine the reading, if I had put it into their hands. But by this means it came to be read, probably more than once, by every man of eminence in the University.

I left *Oxford* about noon, preached at *Wycombe* in the evening, and on *Saturday 25.* returned to *London*.

Saturday, Sep. 1. I talked pretty largely with *George Newans*, the supposed *Shropshire* Prophet.

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I am inclined to think, he believes himself: but I cannot believe God has sent him.

Wednesday 5. One sent me word, "He had now found the right way of worshipping God: and therefore he must leave off prayer and the rest of our will-worship, and join himself with the *Quakers*." However in the evening, he ventured among us once more. And God smote him to the heart: so that he knew and felt and declared aloud, that he had no need of going elsewhere to find the power of God unto salvation.

Thursday 6. I committed to the dust the remains of *Elizabeth Marsh*, a young woman who had received a sense of the pardoning love of God about four years before her death, and had never left her first love. She had scarce known health or ease from that hour. But she never murmured or repined at any thing. I saw her many times after she was confined to her bed; and found her always quiet and calm, always chearful, praising God in the fires; though longing to depart and to be with Christ. I could not learn that her mind was ever clouded, no, not a moment, from the beginning of her illness. But a few days before she died, she told me, "I am concerned I spoke a hasty word to-day. One told me, you shall recover within ten days. And I said, 'I don't want to recover.'" A little before her speech failed, she beckoned one to her, and said, "Go and tell *Molly Brown* from me, she must come back to Mr. *Wesley*. I have not breath to speak to her myself: but do *you* tell her she *must* come back." She had lost her voice when I prayed with her the last time, and commended her soul to God. But

"Her eye dropt sense, distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak."

It said, "To me, to die is gain. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and fear no evil."

I could only speak a few words at her grave. But when I returned to the *Foundery*, God made his word as a flame of fire. I spoke from that
passage

passage in the *Revelation*, And one of the elders said unto me, what are these who are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they? And I said, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, these are they which came out of great tribulation, and they washed their garments, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

A young man, servant to Mrs. C. of Newington, went home deeply affected. The next day he was taken ill, and every day grew worse; so that when I came to the house on *Monday* the 10th, (though I knew nothing of him, or of his illness before) he was just gasping for breath. It was a melancholy sight. Both his words and his eyes "witnessed huge affliction and dismay." Death stared him in the face, and he knew not God. He could but just say, "For God's sake pray for me."

John Nelson coming in, we asked life for our brother, in full confidence of the promise. All the day, as his illness so his terrors increased. But the next day, God gave him life from the dead. He told me, "Now I am not afraid to die: for I know God loves me. I did not use to love you or your people: but now I love you as my own soul. I love you all: I know you are the people of God; and I am just going to Him." He continued praising God as often as he could speak, and when he could not, his eyes were fixed upwards. Between one and two on *Wednesday* morning he cried out, "I have lost my God! where is He? I cannot see Him." But he soon recovered himself and said, "Now I have found Him: and I shall lose Him no more." About seven I prayed with him, and praised God on his behalf; and not long after he fell asleep.

Friday 14. I performed the last office (according to his desire) over his body, which was interred in the presence of a vast multitude of people, at a small distance from that of *Elizabeth Marsh*.

Sunday 16. I buried near the same place, one who

who had soon finished her course, going to God in the full assurance of faith, when she was little more than four years old. In her last sickness (having been deeply serious in her behaviour for several months before) she spent all the intervals of her convulsions, in speaking of, or to God. And when she perceived her strength to be near exhausted, she desired all the family to come near, and prayed for them all, one by one; then for her ministers, for the church, and for all the world. A short time after, recovering from a fit, she lifted up her eyes said, "Thy kingdom come," and died.

All this summer, our brethren in the West had as hot service, as those in the North of *England*. The war against the *Methodists*, so called, being every where carried on, with far more vigour than those against the *Spaniards*. I had accounts of this from those parts: one of which was as follows.

Rev. Sir,

"THE word of God has free course here, it runs and is glorified. But the devil rages horribly. Even at *St. Ives*, we cannot shut the doors of *John Nance's* house to meet the Society, but the mob immediately threaten to break them open. They now triumph over us more and more, saying, it is plain, nothing can be done against them. And in other places it is worse. I was going to *Crouan* on *Tuesday* was se'nnight: on the road two of our brothers met me. When we came within a mile of the house, we saw a great mob at some distance; but they were going another way. We then left our horses at the house of a friend, and went forward on foot. Within a quarter of a mile of the place where I was to preach, two persons met us, who used to be persecutors. But they now desired me, for God's sake, "Not to go up: for if I did, they said, there would surely be murder: if there was not already; for many were knocked down before they came away."

D.

"By

“ By their advice and the intreaties of those that were with me, I turned back to the house where we left our horses. We had been there but a short time, when many of the people came, being very bloody, and having been beaten very bad. But the main cry of the mob was after the preacher, whom they sought for, in every corner of the house; swearing bitterly “ They only wanted to knock him on the head, and then they should be satisfied.”

“ Not finding me there, they said, however they should catch him on *Sunday* at *Cambourn*. But it was *Mr. Westell's* turn to go thither on *Sunday*. While he was preaching there, at *Mr. Harris's* house, a tall man came in, and pulled him down. *Mr. Harris* demanded his warrant. But he swore, “ Warrant or no warrant, he should go with them;” So he carried him out to the mob, who took him away to the church-town. They kept him there till *Tuesday* morning, and then carried him to *Penzance*: where, in the afternoon, he was brought before three Justices, and asked abundance of questions, to which they required him to answer upon oath. Then *Dr. Burlast* wrote his *Mittimus*, by virtue of which he was to be committed to the house of correction at *Bodmin* as a vagrant. So they took him as far as *Cambourn* that night; and the next day, on to *Bodmin*.

I desire your continual prayers for me,

Your weak Servant in Christ,

Henry Millard.”

I pray, for what pay, could we procure men to do this service? To be always ready, to go to prison, or to death?

Henry Millard did not long continue therein. After he had for some time fought a good fight, he took the small-pox, and in a few days, joyfully resigned his spirit to God.

The

The Justices who met at the next Quarter-sessions at *Bodmin*, knowing a little more of the laws of God and man, declared Mr. *Westell's* commitment to be contrary to all law, and set him at liberty without delay.

Tuesday, Oct. 30. I was desired to call on a young gentlewoman dangerously ill. But I soon found, she needed no Physician for her soul, being full of righteousness and good works. However I spoke to her with all plainness: and she awoke as one out of sleep. She drank in every word, and soon perceived the want of a better righteousness than her own. But her companion sent her father word, and she was immediately removed; so that I saw her no more.

Sunday, Nov. 4. Poor *Richard I.* who in spite of his former conviction, was now determined to renounce us and join the *Quakers*, ventured however once more to the Lord's table. He had no sooner received, than he dropt down, and cried with a loud voice, "I have sinned; I have sinned against God." At that instant, many were pierced to the heart. I could hardly speak for some time. Several mourners were filled with strong consolation. And all said, "Surely God is in this place!"

About this time I received a letter, dated from the camp at *Lisle*. Part of it ran as follows.

"*May 1.* We marched to the camp near *Brusfells*. There a few of us joined into a Society, being sensible, where two or three are gathered together in his name, there is our Lord in the midst of them. Our place of meeting was a small wood near the camp. We remained in this camp eight days, and then removed to a place called *Arsk*. Here I began to speak openly, at a small distance from the camp, just in the middle of the *English* army. And here it pleased God to give me some evidences, that my labour was not in vain. We sung a hymn, which drew about two hundred soldiers together, and they all behaved decently. After I had prayed; I begun to exhort them, and

though it rained very hard, yet very few went away. Many acknowledged the truth; in particular a young man, *John Greenwood*, by name; who has kept with me ever since, and whom God has lately been pleased to give me for a fellow-labourer. Our Society is now increased to upwards of two hundred, and the hearers are frequently more than a thousand; although many say, I am mad; and others have endeavoured to incense the Field-Marshal against us. I have been sent for, and examined several times. But, blessed be God, he has always delivered me."

"Many of the officers have come to hear for themselves, often nine or ten at a time. I endeavour to lose no opportunity. During our abode in the camp at *Arfh*, I have preached thirty-five times in seven days. One of those times a soldier who was present, called aloud to his comrades, to come away, and not hear that fool any longer. But it pleased God, to send the word spoken to his heart: so that he roared out in the bitterness of his soul, for a considerable time: and then he who never fails those that seek him, turned his heaviness into joy. He is now never so happy as when he is proclaiming the loving-kindness of God his Saviour.

"I was a little shocked at my first entrance on this great work, because I was alone, having none to help me. But the Lord helped me, and soon raised up *William Clements*, and in *June*, *John Evans* belonging to the train, to my assistance. Since we have been in this camp, we have built two small Tabernacles, in which we meet at eight in the morning, at three in the afternoon, and seven at night: and commonly two whole nights in each week.

Since I began to write this, we are come to our winter quarters: so that our Society is now parted. We are some in *Bruges*, some in *Ghent*. But it has pleased the Lord, to leave neither without a teacher. For *John Greenwood* and I are in this city. And *B. Clements* and *Evans* are in *Ghent*,

So

So that we trust our Lord will carry on his work in both places."

"We that are in *Bruges* have hired a small place, in which we meet. And our dear Lord is in the midst of us. Many times the tears run down every face, and joy reigns in every heart.

"I shall conclude with a full assurance of your prayers, with a longing desire to see you, O when will the joyful meeting be? Perhaps not on this side death. If not, my Master's will be done.

Your unworthy brother in the Lord,

J. H."

Sunday 11. In the evening I rode to *Brentford*. In the Inn where I lodged the next night, was a company of men exceeding drunk. Nature suggested, "Why should you speak to them? It will be, at best, labour lost. For you may be well assured, none of them will mind one word you say." However we spoke a few words to them. One of them immediately rose up and said "it was all true," followed us as well as he could into our room, and appeared deeply convinced and strongly desirous, to serve a better master.

Tuesday 13. In the evening we reached *Bath*, and the next morning rode to *Bristol*. After spending a few days there and at *Kingswood*, on *Saturday 24.* I came again to *London*.

Sunday 25. I conversed with one, who was greatly extolling the *comfortable* way wherein the *brethren* preach. I understood him well. One who was a believer falls into carelessness; or wilful sin. If he comes to hear our preaching then, we shake all his bones in pieces. If he comes to them, they stroke him and lulled him asleep. O how does any backslider escape this *comfortable* preaching?

Sunday, Dec. 2. I was with two persons who believe, they are saved from all sin. Be it so, or not, why should we not rejoice in the word of

God, so far as it is unquestionably wrought in them? For instance. I ask *John C.* "Do you pray always? Do you rejoice in God every moment? Do you in every thing give thanks? In pain? In sickness, weariness, disappointments? Do you desire nothing? Do you fear nothing? Do you feel the love of God continually in your heart? Have you a witness in whatever you speak or do, that it is pleasing to God?" If he can solemnly and deliberately answer in the affirmative, why do I not rejoice and praise God on his behalf? Perhaps, because I have an exceeding complex idea of sanctification, or a sanctified man. And so for fear he should not have attained all I include in that idea, I cannot rejoice in what he has attained.

After having often declared the same thing before many witnesses, this day *Mr. Williams* wrote a solemn retraction, of the gross slanders he had been propagating for several months, concerning my brother and me. This he concluded in these words: "Though I doubt not but you can forgive me, yet I can hardly forgive myself: I have been so ungrateful and disobedient to the tenderest of friends, who through the power of God, were my succour in all my temptations——"

"I intreat your prayers in my behalf, that God may restore, strengthen, stablish and settle me in the grace to which I have been called——That God may bless you, and your dear brother, and that we may be all united again in one fellowship, is the prayer of him, who for the future, hopes to be

Your obedient Son and Servant

For Christ's Sake,

Thomas Williams.

Monday 3. I answered the letter I had received from *Flanders*; an extract of which is here subjoined.

Ghent,

Ghent, Nov. 12. O. S. 1744.

Rev. S I R,

“WE made bold to trouble you with this, to acquaint you with some of the Lord’s dealings with us here. We have hired two rooms, one small one, wherein a few of us meet every day at one o’clock ; and another large one for publick service, where we meet twice a day, at nine in the morning, and four in the afternoon ; and the hand of the Omnipotent God is with us, to the pulling down of the strong holds of Satan——

“The seventh instant, when we were met together in the evening, as I was at prayer, one that was kneeling by me, cried out (like a woman in travel) “My Redeemer ! my Redeemer !” Which continued about ten minutes. When he was asked, “What was the matter,” he said, “He had found that which he had often heard of, that is, a heaven upon earth :” and some others had much a-do to forbear crying out in the same manner.

“Dear Sir, I am a stranger to you in the flesh. I know not if I have seen you above once, when I saw you preaching on *Kennington-Common*. And then I hated you, as much as now (by the grace of God) I love you. The Lord pursued me with convictions from my infancy, and I often made abundance of good resolutions. But finding as often, that I could not keep them (as being made wholly in my own strength) I at length left off all striving and gave myself over to all manner of lewdness and profaneness. So I continued for some years, till the battle of *Dettingen*. The balls then came very thick about me, and my comrades fell on every side. Yet I was preserved unhurt. A few days after this, the Lord was pleased to visit me again. The pains of hell gat hold upon me, the snares of death incompassed me. I durst no longer commit any outward sin, and I prayed God to be merciful to my soul. Now I was at a loss for books. But God took care for this also.

One

One day as I was at work, I found an old Bible in one of the train-waggons. To read this, I soon forsook my old companions ; all but one, who was still a thorn in my flesh. But not long after he sickened and died.

" My Bible was now my only companion, and I believed myself a very good christian, till we came to winter-quarters, where I met with *John Haime*. But I was soon sick of his company. For he robbed me of my treasure; he stole away my Gods, telling me, " I and my works were going to hell together." This was strange doctrine to me, who being wholly ignorant of the righteousness of *Christ*, sought only to establish my own righteousness. And being naturally of a stubborn temper, my poor brother was so perplexed with me, that sometimes he was resolved (as he afterwards told me,) to forbid my coming to him any more.

" When the Lord had at length opened my eyes, and shewn me that *by grace we are saved, through faith*, I began immediately to declare it to others, though I had not as yet experienced it myself. But *Oct. 23.* as *William Clements* was at prayer, I felt on a sudden a great alteration in my soul. My eyes overflowed with tears of love. I knew I was through *Christ* reconciled to God; which enflamed my soul with fervent love to him, whom I now saw to be my compleat Redeemer.

" O the tender care of Almighty God, in bringing up his children ! How are we bound to love so indulgent a Father, and to fall down in wonder and adoration of his great and glorious name for his tender mercies !——Dear Sir, I beg you will pray for him who is not worthy to be a door-keeper to the least of my Master's Servants.

John Evans."

He continued both to preach and to live the gospel, till the battle of *Fontenoy*. One of his companions saw him there, laid across a cannon, (both his legs having been taken off by a chain-shot) praising God and exhorting all that were round

round about him ; which he did till his spirit returned to God.

Monday 17. In the evening I rode to *Brentford*. Many poor wretches, endeavoured to make a disturbance, just as I began to preach, and employed one of their number, one utterly void of shame, to lead the way. But he acted his part with so uncommon a degree, both of impudence and dulness, that when I turned about, and asked, to whom he belonged ? his companions were ashamed to own him. So some went away, and the rest stood still. And we had a quiet and comfortable hour,

Sunday 13. I was unusually lifeless and heavy, till the love-feast in the evening : when just as I was constraining myself to speak, I was stopped, whether I would or no. For the blood gushed out of both my nostrils, so that I could not add another word. But in a few minutes it stayed, and all our hearts and mouths were opened to praise God.

Yet the next day I was again as a dead man. But in the evening, while I was reading prayers at *Snow's-fields*, I found such light and strength, as I never remember to have had before. I saw every thought (as well as action or word) just as it was rising in my heart ; and whether it was right before God, or tainted with pride or selfishness. I never knew before (I mean not as at this time) what it was, *To be still before God.*

Tuesday 25. I waked, by the grace of God, in the same spirit : and about eight, being with two or three that believed in Jesus, I felt such an awe and tender sense of the presence of God, as greatly confirmed me therein. So that God was before me all the day long : I sought and found him in every place ; and could truly say, when I lay down at night, " Now I have *lived* a day."

Thursday 27. I called on the Solicitor whom I had employed, in the suit lately commenced against me in Chancery. And here I first saw that foul monster, a *Chancery-bill* ! A scroll it was of
forty

forty two pages, in large folio, to tell a story which needed not to have taken up forty lines! And stuffed with such stupid, senseless, improbable lies (many of them too, quite foreign to the question) as I believe, would have cost the compiler his life, in any *Heathen* court, either of *Greece* or *Rome*. And this is *Equity* in a *Christian* country! This is the *English* method of redressing other grievances!

I conclude this year with the extract of a letter, which I received some weeks before.

Hon. S I R,

“ I Beg leave to give you a short account of my experience, from the time I can remember.

“ In my childhood confused convictions often passed through my mind, so that I had almost always had the fear of God before my eyes, and a sense of his seeing me, and I frequently used to abstain from sin upon that account. When I did sin, I was immediately checked and grieved; so that I generally was serious, nothing like any of my other brothers, and was on that account esteemed a good child, and greatly carested. I constantly said my prayers, and was much given to reading: but it was chiefly plays and romances; of which I was very fond as I was of cards, shews, races, feasts, and whatever are called, innocent diversions. Yet even these were always a burthen to me when over; so that I was forced to own, all these are vanity.

“ At about sixteen I was sent to *Yarmouth* where I fell twice or thrice into intemperance, for which I was severely reproved in my conscience; but I used to make up matters by going oftener to church. And having good health, and no care, I was generally easy in my mind, and gay and jocular in my conversation.

“ In this temper after about six months I returned home. But a severe temptation soon following, and a severe illness in my head, made me
think

think more and more of what is beyond the grave : this also made me exceeding diligent in prayer, till God not only restored my bodily health, but also gave me power against my inward enemy, and peace to my troubled soul.

“ In half a year after, I was called to *London*, where, for the first year, I had little religion left, only that I never missed church. But after I was settled, conviction began to revive, particularly for sins of omission. I prayed three times in a day, and I was uneasy if I missed once. I read all books of religion that came in my way. And now, because I prayed and read so much, and went constantly to church, and sometimes to the sacrament, I thought myself in a right good way. And yet I was continually uneasy, though I knew not why ; till one day I light on *Thomas a Kempis*. The more I read the more I liked it. I bought one of the books, and read it over and over. I was more convinced of sin than ever, and had more power against it. I forsook many things which I allowed myself in before : though I still allowed myself to see a play once a month. But the last I saw, I felt a hell in my conscience, for a week after, so that I determined, even for ease, never to go again.

“ I was now well settled in the form of godliness, and I knew a little of the power of it, when I was pressed by a relation, to pay him a visit at *Oxford*, which I did at *Whitsuntide* 1742. But here I soon lost both power and form. I saw many places, was much in company, and grew more dead to the things of God, every day than other. I was truly glad to see *London* again, and the very first night, began to consider, how I might recover my peace ? But before I had executed any thing, I was seized with a fever. I looked up to God. But all was dark with the trouble both of my body and mind, I really thought, I should have gone distracted. Yet I was too self-righteous to beg for more mercy. All my cry was, Lord, give me health, and I will obey thee.

“ God

"God did give me health, and I was more diligent than ever in going to church and sacrament: infomuch that on a week day, I have gone four or five times to church in an afternoon. Yet sin was my master, although every time I fell into it, I was condemned exceedingly. I began now to see, that my laughter and jesting were wrong. But I thought, if I left them my friends would cast me off. So I went on, sinning against light, and never finding peace for one whole day together.

"One day being in great trouble of mind, and thinking, where shall I find a man, who lives up to the rules given by *Kempis*, it came strongly into my mind, "Go to the Foundery." Immediately I went, but with fear and trembling. Here I continued a constant hearer for above two months, before I spoke to one person belonging to it: which I purposely abstained from, that I might the more exactly observe the whole behaviour, both of yourself and those that heard you. And the more closely I examined, the more clearly I was convinced, "These are the men I have been seeking so long."

"At last I was admitted into the Society, and after the usual trial, into the bands: I was now continually walking upon the wings of love. The life and power of religion was all my talk. I was not ashamed to declare it before all men; for the candle of the Lord constantly shone upon my head.

"At present, I find my soul continually hungry and thirsting after the Spirit's indwelling in me. I often find a solid peace, a serious watchfulness, a presence of mind, never confused or hurried: a sweet communion with God, good-will toward all men, with much grief at their misery, but no fear. I can with unaccountable boldness, yet with meekness and love, reprove the most daring sinner. And the more I obey this spirit, the more of it I feel: the more sensible I am of my own weakness, and at the same time filled with

with praise and amazement, to feel my strength in the Lord."

Saturday, January the 5th, 1745.

Desiring to see once more our old acquaintance Mr. Gambold, my brother and I called at *James Hutton's*. We found there not him, but Mr. S. A new creature indeed! (though not in the gospel sense) so extremely gay, easy, unconcerned; that one of the primitive Christians, instead of supposing him to be *at rest*, as he termed it, *in the wounds of Jesus*, would have judged, he had never heard of his name: much less of taking up his cross daily.

I had often wondered at myself (and sometimes mentioned it to others) that ten-thousand cares of various kinds, were no more weight or burthen to my mind, than ten-thousand hairs were to my head. Perhaps I began to ascribe something of this to my own strength. And thence it might be, that on *Sunday 13*. that strength was withheld, and I felt what it was to be troubled about many things. One and another and another hurrying me continually, it seized upon my spirit more and more; till I found it absolutely necessary to fly for my life: and that without delay. So the next day, *Monday 14*. I took horse, and rode away for *Bristol*.

Between *Bath* and *Bristol*, I was earnestly desired to turn aside, and call at the house of a poor man, *William Shalwood*. I found him and his wife sick in one bed, and with small hopes of the recovery of either. Yet (after prayer) I believed they would *not die but live, and declare the loving-kindness of the Lord*. The next time I called, he was sitting below stairs, and his wife able to go abroad.

As soon as we came into the house at *Bristol*, my soul was lightened of her load, of that insufferable weight which had lain upon my mind, more or less for several days. On *Sunday* several of our

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friends

friends from *Wales*, and other parts, joined with us in the great sacrifice of thanksgiving. And every day we found more and more cause to praise God, and to give him thanks for his still increasing benefits.

I found peculiar reason to praise God, for the state of the Society, both in *Bristol* and *Kingswood*. They seemed at last clearly delivered from all vain jangling, from idle ~~controversies~~ controversies and strife of words, and determined, not to know any thing, save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Wednesday, Jan. 30. All our family were at *St. James's* our parish church. At twelve we met together, to pour out our souls before God and to provoke each other to love and to good-works. The afternoon I set apart for visiting the sick. Blessed be God, this was a comfortable day.

Thursday 31. I rode to *Coleford*, about twenty (real, twelve computed) miles South-east from *Bristol*. The colliers here were only not as famous as those at *Kingswood* were formerly. I preached near the road side; for the house could not contain a tenth part of the congregation. None opposed or mocked or smiled. Surely some of the seed is fallen upon good ground.

Monday, Feb. 4. I had the pleasure of receiving from Dr. *Hartley*, a particular account of Dr. *Cheyne's* last hours, during his last illness. He felt a gentle and gradual decay, so that he apprehended what the event would be. But it did not appear to give him any concern. He seemed quite loose from all below, till without any struggle, either of body or mind, he calmly gave up his soul to God.

Tuesday 5. We set out early, and the next day at noon, met the little Society at *Windfor*. We called at *Brentford* likewise, and after a short stop, rode on and reached *London* in the evening.

Sunday 17. I laboured much with one of our brethren, whose eyes the Antinomians had just opened, and for the present he seemed to be convinced. But I doubt that conviction will not continue;

continue ; it being not so easy to remove any one from that gospel, which flesh and blood hath revealed unto them.

My exhorting the congregation here, not to consult with flesh and blood, but to attend the morning preaching, occasioned my receiving the following letter,

Dear S I R,

“ **F**OR some time past I have been very negligent of coming in a morning, though I have been often severely reprov'd in my own mind for omitting that, which I knew was my duty both to God and my brethren. And from time to time, when you have exhorted us to partake of so useful a privilege, I have always been condemned.

“ A few days ago I set myself to consider, whence this slackness must proceed. And I soon saw, the root of it was, an evil heart of unbelief, departing from the living God, and therefore from his service. The pernicious branches of this I found to be ignorance and sloth. It was ignorance of myself that caused me to cry, peace, peace, and to say within myself, I know enough and am satisfied. And while I was in this state, pride, anger, lust, worldly-mindedness, levity, and carelessness toward God and man, successively got the dominion over me, so that I was no more like a Christian than like an angel. Yet I felt but little trouble for it (save at times) and thereby I sunk into a gulph of sloth, which got the dominion over me in such a manner, that I not only was content, frequently to lie in bed till eight, but in the day time did not care to stir one step forward, especially if it was to visit the sick or distressed. I was forced to drag myself to and fro, and a heavy load I was to myself. And yet my eyes were so blinded, that I was scarce sensible of my sin. The cross I could hardly bear naming ; for being so used to shun it at all times, it became a very

harsh word to me, and I did not love to hear of it. But glory be to God, ever since this examination, I have been a little stirred up; though still I am in danger of this evil or any other. Lord leave me not! For without thee I can do nothing.

"I find, whenever I know myself, poor and miserable, and blind, and foolish; and while I have a deep sense of my want of love, humility, meekness, seriousness and wisdom; I then am in earnest in every duty, particularly rising in the morning. But when I am inwardly careless and proud, full and wise enough, then I can very quietly neglect not only this, but every help which God has given me.

"And yet (to speak the whole truth) I am apt to attribute some part of my late sloth and slackness, to too smooth a doctrine; which it seems to me has been lately preached among us. I thought the doctrine of perfection in all its parts (perfect love, meekness, humility, resignation) has not been so strenuously insisted on, as in times past, but only now and then mentioned in general terms: and hereby I was encouraged to be content in this groveling state, hanging between nature and grace, flesh and spirit. Then it was suggested, "Lying in bed is not expressly forbidden in scripture, nor is rising early expressly commanded." Yet glory be to God, I had power from him to resist and overcome this thought: and being earnest with the Lord last night, this morning he did give me both a will and a power to break through, which I thankfully used, and came to meet my brethren at five, with primitive joy and satisfaction."

Monday 18. I set out with *Richard Moss* for *Newcastle*. *Wednesday 20.* Soon after we passed through *Leicester*, a gentleman of *Leicester* overtook us, kept us company to *Loughborough*, dined with us there, then rode back to *Leicester*. His main business, I found, was to talk with me. He said, he had long been very low-spirited, had had the very best advice, and taken abundance of physick, and

and yet was as bad, or worse than ever. I explained his case to him at large, and advised him to apply to that Physician, who alone heals the broken in heart.

✓ In the evening I preached to the little flock at *Nottingham*. The next day *William Holmes* met us at *Doncaster*, and piloted us through the mire, and water, and snow, lately fallen to *Sykehouse*. Finding the congregation ready, I began preaching as soon as I came in, and exhorted them to follow after the great gift of God. Several from *Epworth* met us here, and we rejoiced unto God with reverence.

Friday 22. There was so much snow about *Borough-bridge*, that we could go on but very slowly : infomuch that the night overtook us when we wanted six or seven miles to the place where we designed to lodge. But we pushed on at a venture across the moor, and about eight came safe to *Sandhutton*.

Saturday 23. We found the roads abundantly worse than they had been the day before : not only because the snows were deeper, which made the causeways in many places unpassable (and turnpike roads were not known in these parts of *England*, till some years after) but likewise because the hard frost, succeeding the thaw, had made all the ground like glass. We were often obliged to walk, it being impossible to ride, and our horses several times fell down while we were leading them, but not once while we were riding them, during the whole journey. It was past eight before we got to *Gateshead Fell*, which appeared a great, pathless waste of white. The snow filling up and covering all the roads, we were at a loss how to proceed ; when an honest man of *Newcastle* overtook and guided us safe into the town.

Many a rough journey have I had before ; but one like this I never had, between wind and hail, and rain, and ice, and snow, and driving sleet, and piercing cold. But it is past. Those days will

return no more, and are therefore as though they had never been.

“ Pain, disappointment, sickness, strife,
Whate’er molests or troubles life;
However grievous in its stay,
It shakes the tenement of clay,
When past, as nothing we esteem:
And pain like pleasure, is a dream.”

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I diligently enquired who were offended at each other? This being the sin which of all others most easily besets the people of *Newcastle*. And as many of them as had leisure to meet, I heard face to face. It was now an easy thing to remove their offences. For God was in the work. So that they were, one and all, as willing to be reconciled to each other, as I was to have them.

February 27. Being, *Ash-Wednesday*, after the publick prayers, the little church in our house met together. Misunderstandings were cleared up, and we all agreed, to set out anew, hand in hand, and by the grace of God, to forward one another, in running the race which is set before us.

Sunday, March 3. As I was walking up *Pilgrim-street*, hearing a man call after me, I stood still. He came up and used much abusive language, intermixed with many oaths and curses. Several people came out, to see what was the matter: on which he pushed me twice or thrice and went away.

Upon enquiry, I found this man had signalized himself of a long season, by abusing and throwing stones at any of our family who went that way. Therefore I would not lose the opportunity, but on *Monday 4.* sent him the following note:

Robert Young,

I Expect to see you, between this and *Friday*, and to hear from you, that you are sensible of your fault. Otherwise, in pity to your soul, I shall be obliged

obliged to inform the Magistrates of your assaulting me yesterday in the street. I am

Your real Friend,

JOHN WESLEY.

Within two or three hours, *Robert Young* came, and promised a quite different behaviour. So did this gentle reproof, if not save a soul from death, yet prevented a multitude of sins.

Sunday 10. We had a useful sermon at *All-Saints* in the morning, and another at our own church in the afternoon. I was much refreshed by both, and united in love both to the two preachers and to the clergy in general.

The next day I wrote to a friend as follows,

Newcastle upon Tyne,

March 11, 1745-6.

I Have been drawing up this morning a short state of the case between the Clergy and us, I leave you to make any such use of it as you believe will be to the glory of God.

1. About seven years since we began preaching inward, *present* salvation, as attainable by *faith alone*.

2. For preaching *this doctrine* we were forbidden to preach in the churches.

3. We then preached in *private houses*, as occasion offered: and when the houses could not contain the people, in the open air.

4. For *this* many of the Clergy *preached or printed* against us, as both Hereticks and Schismatics.

5. Persons who were convinced of sin, begged us to advise them more particularly, how to flee from the wrath to come? We replied if they would all come at one time (for they were numerous) we would endeavour it.

6. For *this* we were represented, both from the

the pulpit and the press (we have heard it with our ears and seen it with our eyes) as introducing *Popery*, raising *sedition*, practising both against church and state: and all manner of evil was publickly said both of us and those who were accustomed to meet with us.

7. Finding some truth herein, *viz.* That some of those who so met together, walked disorderly, we immediately desired them not to come to us any more.

8. And the more steady were desired to overlook the rest, that we might know if they walked according to the gospel.

9. But now several of the *Bishops* began to speak against us, either in conversation or in public.

10. On this encouragement several of the clergy stirred up the people to treat us as out-laws or mad dogs.

11. The people did so, both in *Staffordshire*, *Cornwall*, and many other places.

12. And they do so still, wherever they are not restrained by their fear of the secular magistrate.

Thus the case stands at present. Now what can we do, or what can you our brethren do toward healing this breach? which is highly desirable; that we may withstand, with joint force, the still increasing flood of popery, deism and immorality.

Desire of us any thing we can do with a safe conscience, and we will do it immediately. Will you meet us here? Will you do what we desire of you, so far as you can with a safe conscience?

Let us come to particulars. Do you desire us, 1. To preach another, or to desist from preaching this doctrine?

We think you do not desire it, as knowing we cannot do this with a safe conscience. Do you desire us, 2. To desist from preaching in private houses, or in the open air? As things are now circum-

circumstanced, this would be the same, as desiring us not to preach at all.

Do you desire us, 3. to desist from advising those, who now meet together for that purpose? Or in other words, to dissolve our Societies?

We cannot do this with a safe conscience; for we apprehend many souls would be lost thereby, and that God would require their blood at our hands.

Do you desire us, 4. to advise them only one by one.

This is impossible, because of their number.

Do you desire us, 5. to suffer those who walk disorderly still to mix with the rest?

Neither can we do this with a safe conscience; because *evil communications corrupt good manners*.

Do you desire us, 6. to discharge those leaders of bands or classes (as we term them) who overlook the rest?

This is in effect, to suffer the disorderly walkers still to mix with the rest, which we dare not do.

Do you desire us, lastly, to behave with reverence toward those who are overseers of the church of God? And with tenderness, both to the character and persons of our brethren, the inferior clergy?

By the grace of God, we can and will do this. Yea, our conscience beareth us witness, that we have already laboured so to do; and that, at all times and in all places.

If you ask, what we desire of *you* to do? We answer, 1. We do not desire any one of you to let us preach in your church, either if you believe us to preach false doctrine, or if you have upon any other ground, the least scruple of conscience concerning it. But we desire, any who believe us to preach true doctrine, and has no scruple at all in this matter, may not be either publicly or privately discouraged, from inviting us to preach in his church.

2. We

2. We do not desire that any one who thinks that we are hereticks or schismaticks, and that it is his duty to preach or print against us, as such, should refrain therefrom, so long as he thinks it is his duty : (although in this case, the breach can never be healed.)

But we desire, that none will pass such a sentence, till he has calmly considered both sides of the question : that he would not condemn as unheard, but first read what we have written, and pray earnestly, that God may direct him in the right way.

3. We do not desire any favour, if either popery, sedition, or immorality be proved against us.

But we desire, you will not credit without proof any of those senseless tales that pass current with the vulgar : that if you do not credit them yourselves, you will not relate them to others (which we have known done) yea, that you will confute them, so far as ye have opportunity, and discountenance those who still retail them abroad.

4. We do not desire any preferment, favour or recommendation from those that are in authority, either in church or state. But we desire

✓(1) That if any thing material be laid to our charge, we may be permitted to answer for ourselves. (2) That you would hinder your dependents from stirring up the rabble against us, who are certainly not the proper judges of these matters : and (3) That you would effectually suppress and thoroughly discountenance all riots and popular insurrections, which evidently strike at the foundation of all government, whether of church or state.

Now these things you certainly can do, and that with a safe conscience. Therefore till these things are done, the continuance of the breach is chargable on you and you only."

Saturday

Saturday 16. I visited part of the sick: (for I could not see them all in one day.) I found many in heaviness, through various temptations, added to that of bodily pain: but none sorrowing as men without hope; though some deeply mourning after God.

The following week I visited the Societies in the country. On Thursday 28. a gentleman called at our house, who informed me his name was *Adams*: that he lived about forty miles from *Newcastle*, at *Osmotherley* in *Yorkshire*, and had heard so many strange accounts of the *Methodists*, that he could not rest till he came to inquire for himself. I told him, he was welcome to stay as long as he pleased, if he could live on our Lenten fare. He made no difficulty of this, and willingly staid till the Monday se'nnight following, when he returned home fully satisfied with his journey.

Saturday, April 6. Mr. *Stephenson* of whom I bought the ground, on which our house is built, came at length, after delaying it more than two years, and executed the writings. So I am freed from one more care. May I in every thing, make known my request to God!

We met at four in the morning on *Easter-day*, and great was our joy in the Lord, I preached on *The Lord is risen indeed*; and at *Southbiddick* at seven o'clock. In the evening many of our brethren from all parts were present, and we again praised God with joyful lips.

Monday 15. We met at half hour past four, and the room was filled from end to end. Many of the rich and honourable were there; so that I found it was time for me to fly away. At eight I preached in the street at *Chester*, to a large and quiet congregation. At *Darlington* (it being the fair-day) we could scarce find a place to hide our head. At length we got into a little Inn, but were obliged to be in a room, where there was another set of company, some of whom were cursing and swearing much. Before we went away, I stepped to them, and asked, "Do you think yourselves,

Selves, that this kind of talking is right ? " One of them warmly replied, " Sir, we have said nothing which we have need to be ashamed of." I said, " Have you not need to be ashamed of disobliging your best friend ? And is not God the best friend you have ?" They stared first at me, and then at one another. But no man answered a word.

In the evening I preached at the Inn in *Northalerton*, where Mr. *Adams* and some of his neighbours met me. On his saying, " He wished I could have time to preach in his house at *Osmotherley*:" I told him, " I *would* have time, if he desired it," and ordered our horses to be brought out immediately. We came thither between nine and ten. It was about an hour, before the people were gathered together. It was after twelve before I lay down ; yet (through the blessing of God) I felt no weariness at all.

Tuesday 16. I preached at five on *Rom. iii. 22.* to a large congregation, part of whom had sat up all night, for fear they should not wake in the morning. Many of them I found, either were, or had been Papists. O how wise are the ways of God ! How am I brought, without any care or thought of mine, into the center of the Papists in *Yorkshire* ? O that God would arise and maintain his own cause ! And all the idols let him utterly abolish !

After sermon, an elderly woman asked me abruptly, " Dost thou think water-baptism an ordinance of Christ ?" I said, " What saith *Peter* ? *Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost even as we ?* I spoke but little more before she cried out, " It is right ! It is right ! I will be baptized." And so she was the same hour.

About eight in the evening, I reached *Sykehouse*, and preached to a little company there. *Wednesday* 17. I rode by *Epsworth* to *Grimshy*. The north-east wind was full in our face, and exceeding sharp. I began preaching before eight : but to such

such a congregation as I had not lately seen : so stupidly rude and noisy, encouraged thereto, by their forespeaker, a drunken alehouse-keeper. I singled him out and fastened upon him, till he chose to withdraw. The rest were soon calmed and behaved very quietly, till the service was ended.

Thursday 18. In the afternoon I rode to *Hainton*. Mr. *Clark*, the minister of *Barksworth*, a mile from thence, having several times sent word he should be glad to see me, I went to his house, and spent an agreeable hour, with an open-hearted, friendly man, not strongly prepossessed, and I believe, truly desirous to know the whole will of God.

Friday 19. *William Fenwick*, rode with me to *L—d*: the minister of which had told him again and again, “Be sure to bring Mr. *Wesley* with you when he comes. It is for my soul: for the good of my poor soul.” When we were alone he told me, “Sir, I have read your writings: but I could not believe them till very lately. Now I know your doctrine is true. God himself has shewn it to me. A few days since I was in a great agony of soul, praying to God to forgive my sins. And there was such a light about me as I cannot express: and I knew, God had heard my prayer. And my heart was filled with the love of God; and ever since I pray and praise him all day long.”

I asked, if he had told this to any one else? He said, “I began to tell it one I thought a very good christian. But he seemed to think I was distracted. So I spoke no more. And indeed I do not know any that would hear me.”

I told him, “You will meet with many such trials as this, and with many others, which you are not yet aware of.” He answered, “I know that I cannot bear them of myself. I have no strength, unless I watch and pray always. But I do pray always. And what are trials to me? I am not in the world. I live in eternity. I cannot turn any way but I see God. He is with me continually and on every side.”

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I found

I found much comfort from this strong instance of the mercy of God. And so I did also from a letter wrote by one of our preachers, concerning whom I often feared, I had laboured in vain. It ran in these words.

Dear S I R,

“ I Am fully convinced, your fears concerning me proceeds intirely from your love to my soul. Therefore I should think myself guilty of the greatest ingratitude, if I did not endeavour to make a proper use of your kind reproof.

“ I know my soul has not prospered. I know my conversation has not always been as in the presence of God. I know, I have not been, nor yet am, as I desire to be, a serious, lowly follower of Jesus Christ. I have not been so exemplary in my behaviour, as was consistent with the important work wherein I was employed. But, dear Sir, let me beseech you, in God’s name, tell me, do you really think, that instead of profiting, I destroy others? That so by desisting to preach, I may perish alone, and not the people perish with me. O, Sir, shall I be an instrument in the devil’s hand, to destroy the souls for which Christ died? O that my tongue may cleave to the roof of my mouth, rather than I should continue to do this great evil! O Lord, be merciful unto me, and forgive my sin; for it is great!

“ I am not guiltless. But blessed be God, I have lately discovered, or rather *felt* many things which were hindrances of the work of God in my soul. I saw them before; but I saw in vain. I was not restless to be delivered from them, and therefore they still continued as so many insurmountable barriers in my way. I have been lately in great trouble of mind: the reproofs I received putting me upon a narrow self-examination, I soon found many things wrong, and they lay so heavy upon me, that I went mourning all the day long. God only knows the uneasiness I felt. But,
blessed

bleſſed be God, he did not leave me in diſtreſs, but in the miſt of trouble ſent me comfort. O may my ſoul for ever praiſe him !

“ I have long been in a kind of dead and lifeleſs ſtate, having loſt thoſe pleaſing taſtes of God’s love I once enjoyed. I have not been able to find any delight in prayer. Nor could I pray from my heart. If I forced myſelf to pray (for it was a grievous croſs) ſhame covered my face: and I durſt ſcarce liſt up my eyes, conſcious of my own unfaithfulneſs to God, and my negligence in watching. All intercourſe was ſtopped between God and my ſoul. Indeed when I have been praying with, or ſpeaking to others, I have often found the ſpirit of God inlivening my own ſoul. But when I came before God in ſecret, intending to pour out my complaint before him, my mouth hath been ſtopped, and the devil preſently wiſpered, “ What profit is it that you pray ?” If I perſevered notwithſtanding, my mind has been filled with a thouſand impertinent thoughts, ſo that I was either forced from my knees, or could only ſigh or groan underneath my miſery. My heart ſeemed harder and harder, ſo that I verily thought, I ſhould at length become a caſt-away.

“ But bleſſed be God, I have for ſome time found a revival of love, and have had more communion with God than for a long ſeaſon. O may it be my conſtant care, to watch and pray; the neglect of which was the chief cauſe of my former deadneſs. The levity and inſtancy of mind which uſed to oppreſs me, I find greatly taken away; and at preſent, (God grant it may always continue) the remembrance of them is grievous to me. I often find great ſweetneſs in my ſoul, and can weep for my paſt ingratitude to God. O pray for me, dear Sir, if you love me, that I may never more reſiſt his grace !

“ I cannot tell you, how much I think myſelf obliged to you, under God, for all your care, reproofs, and kindneſſes. May God reward you ! And may I never, never make an ill uſe of them ;

but love and reverence you and praise God for his love, in making you a happy instrument of good to my soul."

I rode to *Epworth* in the afternoon. *Sunday 21.* I preached in the house at five, on *Quench not the spirit*: about eight, at the Cross, and again in the evening, to most of the adults in the town. Poor Mr. R's sermon, from beginning to end, was another railing accusation. Father, forgive him! For he knoweth not what he doth.

Monday 22. I rode with *William Holmes* to *Norton*, and after preaching there to a small company, went on to *Oulton*, three miles from *Leeds*, where a numerous congregation was waiting. On *Tuesday* I preached at *Leeds*, *Armley*, and *Birstal*. The next evening, I was constrained to continue my discourse there, near an hour longer than usual: God pouring out such a blessing, that I knew not how to leave off.

Thursday 25. I preached at *Horton* and *Bradford*. Here I could not but observe, now God has made void all their labour, who make void the law through faith. Out of their large Societies in these towns, how small a remnant is left? In *Horton*, scarce ten persons out of fourscore. In *Bradford*, not one soul.

Friday and Saturday, at *John Bennet's* request, I preached at several places in *Lancashire* and *Cheshire*. *Sunday 28.* I preached at five (as I had done overnight, about a mile from *Altringham*, on *Watch*, and pray that ye enter not into temptation. A plain man came to me afterward and said, "Sir, I find Mr. *Hutchings* and you do not preach the same way. You bid us read the Bible and pray, and go to church; but he bids us, let all this alone; and says, "If we go to church and sacrament, we shall never come to Christ.

At nine I preached near *Stockport* to a large congregation. Thence we rode to *Bongs* in *Derbyshire*, a lone house, on the side of a high, steep mountain, whither abundance of people were got before

before us. I preached on God's justifying the ungodly, and his word was as dew upon the tender herb. At five I preached at *Mill-town*, near *Chappel in the Frith*. The poor miller, near whose pond we stood, endeavoured to drown my voice, by letting out the water, which fell with a great noise. But it was labour lost; for my strength was so increased, that I was heard to the very skirts of the congregation.

Monday 29. I preached at *Taddington* in the *Peak*, and rode from thence to *Sheffield*, where I preached on the floor of the late house, (which the good *Protestant* mob had just pulled down) to the largest and one of the quietest congregations I ever remember to have seen there. *Tuesday 30.* I preached at *Barley-hall*, and *Wednesday, May 1.* at *Nottingham*.

Thursday 2. I rode to *Markfield*. The church was full, though the notice was so short. But I was sorry to hear, some of the neighbouring churches are likely to be empty enough. For the still brethren I found had spread themselves into several of the adjacent parishes. And the very first sins their hearers leave off, are reading the Bible, and running to the church and sacrament.

Friday 3. In the evening we came to *Wednesbury*. A while ago the waves here were mighty and raged horribly. But the Lord that dwelleth on high is mightier, and has stilled the madness of the people. I preached at seven without any noise or hindrance at all. All was equally quiet on *Saturday*. *Sunday 5.* The number of people even at five, obliged me to preach abroad. About one I preached at *Tipton-Green*, and about four at *Wensbury*. A few persons at first threw some clods: but they were quickly glad to retreat: so that there was no interruption at all while I applied those gracious words of our Lord, *Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

I made haste from hence to *Geston's-Green* near *Birmingham*, where I had appointed to preach

at six. But it was dangerous for any who stood to hear; for the stones and dirt were flying from every side, almost without intermission, for near an hour. However very few persons went away. I afterwards met the Society, and exhorted them, in spite of men and devils, to continue in the grace of God.

Monday 6. I dined at *Studley*, where a poor man was swearing almost at every sentence. I asked him, "If he thought that was well done? And began to tell him, how God loved him." He got up as in amaze, made many bows, said, "I ask pardon, Sir, of God and you, and hope it will be a warning to me all the days of my life."

In the evening I preached at *Evesham*. The next day, Mr. *Taylor* of *Quinton* came, who on *Wednesday 8.* rode with us to *Oxford*. I cannot spend one day here, without heaviness in my heart, for my brethren's sake. O God, when wilt thou shew these, who say they are rich, that they are poor, and miserable, and blind, and naked?

Friday 10. I preached at *High-Wycombe* in an open place, to a mixed multitude: some of whom were as rude as they dared to be, having none of the great vulgar to set them on.

Saturday 11. I came to *London*. The sower of tares, I found, had not been idle, but shaken many, and moved some from their steadfastness, who once seemed to be pillars. The next week, finding no other way to convince some who were hugely in love with that solemn trifle, my brother and I were at the pains of reading over *Robert Barclay's Apology* with them. Being willing to receive the light, their eyes were opened. They saw his nakedness and were ashamed.

Thursday 23. We had one more conversation with one that had often strengthened our hands; but now earnestly exhorted us (what is man!) "To return to the church: to renounce all our Lay-Assistants: to dissolve our Societies: to leave

off

off field-preaching, and to except of honourable preferment!"

Wednesday 29. I talked at large with *Howel Harris*, not yet carried away by the torrent of *Antinomianism*. But how long will he be able to stand? Only till he consents to stand neuter. When he is brought, not to oppose, he will quickly yield.

I would wish all to observe, that the points in question between us and either the *German* or *English* Antinomians, are not points of opinion, but of practice. We break with no man for his opinion. We think and let think. I cannot better express my sense of this, than it is done by a serious man in the following letter.

Dear S I R,

"I Ought to have mentioned sooner my receiving yours, concerning *Mr. Edwards* of *New-England*. *Mr. Robe* is of his opinion as to the thing (the doctrine of particular redemption) but not as to the absolute necessity of believing either the one or the other side of the question. And it is the maintaining the necessity of his side of the question, which you justly blame. For the same reason I suppose you would blame the maintaining the necessity of your side of the question. On whatsoever side of the question one be, I apprehend, this mistake of the necessity of it, proceeds from what *Mr. Lock* calls, "The association of ideas." People long accustomed to explain the essential things of christianity, in such a particular way, and never having observed, how they can be explained in any other, transfer their zeal for these essential things, to their own way of explication, and believe there is a necessary connexion between them, when in fact there is not. This has produced many mischiefs and animosities, among all sorts of people. I would take my ground to stand on for clearing this, on what you say in the same letter to me. "Whosoever agrees

agrees with us in that account of practical religion given in the *character of a Methodist*, I regard not what his other opinions are : the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. I am more assured, that love is of God, than that any opinion whatsoever is so. Herein may we increase more and more.

“ I have often thought since I was favoured with that letter, how far it natively and clearly went, as to many things that occasion contentions and schisms, even among real christians : and what, as it natively and clearly follows from this principle, our practice ought to be.

“ One effect of this has been, to make me think I have not yet met with any set of people, whose practice is not, in several remarkable particulars, inconsistent with this good principle. But I will not suffer myself to be fully persuaded of this, as to one set of men, till I have the happiness to meet with your brother and you, and talk over some particulars, which you will allow me calmly and impartially to lay before you. May the Holy Ghost lead you into all truth, and into every right way.

“ As to outward communion with those in whom your characteristic is found,

1. Is it not our duty and theirs, to keep that communion together, as far as we can without sin ? And except in that case, is not separating from each other even in outward communion a sin ? Consequently, is it not a sin in any of us, to set out outward communion on such a foot, that others who have this characteristic, cannot join in that communion, without sin in them ? Is it not also our duty, not to stumble them, by our way of insisting on our particular opinions ? And is it not a sin in them, to be easily stumbled at us on that account ?

2. Is it not far wrong in any of us to teach our particular opinions (especially to those whom we are to instruct in the essentials of religion) so as to lead them into such an association of ideas, between

tween these essentials and those opinions, which want of judgment, narrowness of thought, and impatience of spirit, are so apt to lead even the strong into? Do we not often see, how almost incurably this prejudices the weak against their brethren in Christ, and perplexes their minds about those opinions, and takes them off from the serious consideration of the essentials? Nay, have we not seen even the strong in grace, as well as learning, mistake the Lord's shining on their souls, on account of their receiving and applying the essentials, for an approbation of their particular opinions? And have we not seen such hereby led, to bear persecution from, and in their turn, to inflict it on their brethren? Almost every one cries out against this spirit of persecution. But few seem to dive into the causes of it: and fewer still heartily seek after and follow the effectual cure. And therefore,

3. Is it not the duty both of ministers and of private christians in their several stations, to shew that our particular opinions are not so important, but that one in whom the grand characteristic is found, may hold different, nay contrary opinions? Is it not the duty of all, in their respective stations, to prevent or dissolve that groundless association of ideas? And is not the quite contrary done by almost all? Do they not proceed, as if they were rather desirous, to establish (not dissolve) that association of ideas, in favour of their own particular opinions? And thereby (though perhaps their own hearts hide it from them) to establish their party, and fix their adherents unto them?

4. Since, as you justly say, "We are more sure that love is of God, than that any opinion whatsoever is so," Is it not our duty to follow that love with all our brethren in Christ, and the native consequence of it, outward communion? So far, I mean, as that communion does not imply our owning as true, an opinion which we do not believe to be so. And yet,

5. When

5. When one is a member of a community, where many are extremely bigotted to their own opinions : in such a case, may not outward communion with our other brethren in Christ, be kept in some instances and not in others ? But still, is it not our duty to use all our prudence and diligence, to bring all the Lord's people from this bigotry, into that dear, mutual, universal love, and that actual communion, which is the native consequence of it ?”

Sunday, June 9. In the evening I rode to *Colebrook*, on *Monday* to *Marlborough*, and on *Tuesday* to *Bristol*. The Antinomians had taken true pains here also, to seduce those who were shewing their faith by their works. But they had reaped little fruit of their bad labour. For upon the most diligent enquiry, I could not find, that seven persons out of seven hundred, had been turned out of the old bible-way.

We left *Bristol* early on *Friday* 14. and on *Sunday* morning reached *St. Ginnys*. The church was moderately filled with serious hearers, but few of them appeared to feel what they heard. I preached both morning and afternoon, and on *Monday* evening. And many assented to and approved of the truth.

Tuesday 18. Being invited by the Rector of *St. Mary Week* (about seven miles from *St. Ginnys*) to preach in his church, we went thither in the afternoon. I had not seen in these parts of *Cornwall*, either so large a church or so large a congregation. Thence we rode to *Lanest*, where Mr. *Bennet* read prayers, and I preached on, *The redemption that is in Jesus Christ*.

Wednesday 19. *Trefmere* church was filled with-in and without, while I preached on *Rom. iv. 7*. Here I took leave of a poor, mad, original Enthusiast, who had been scattering abroad lies in every quarter. In the evening, Mr. *Thomson* and *Shepherd* rode with me to *St. Eath*, and the next day to *Redruth*.

Being

Being informed here of what had befallen Mr. *Maxfield*, we turned aside toward *Crowan* Church-town. But in the way, we received information, that he had been removed from thence the night before. It seems, the valiant constables, who guarded him, having received timely notice, that a body of five-hundred *Methodists* were coming to take him away by force, had with great precipitation carried him two miles further, to the house of one *Henry Tomkins*.

Here we found him, nothing terrified by his adversaries. I desired *Henry Tomkins* to shew me the warrant. It was directed by Dr. *Borlace*, and his father, and Mr. *Eustick*, to the constables and overseers of several parishes, requiring them to "apprehend all such able-bodied men, as had no lawful calling or sufficient maintenance; and to bring them before the aforesaid gentlemen at *Mazraion*, on *Friday* 21, to be examined, whether they were proper persons, to serve his Majesty, in the land-service.

It was indors'd (by the steward of Sir *John St. Aubin*) with the names of seven or eight persons, most of whom were well known, to have lawful callings, and a sufficient maintenance thereby. But that was all one: they were called *Methodists*. Therefore soldiers they must be. Underneath was added, "A person, his name unknown, who disturbs the peace of the parish."

A word to the wise! The good men easily understood, this could be none but the *Methodist*-preacher, for who "disturbs the peace of the parish," like one who tells all drunkards, whoremongers, and common-swearers, "You are in the high road to hell?"

When we came out of the house, forty or fifty *Myrmidons* stood ready to receive us. But I turned full upon them, and their courage failed; nor did they recover, till we were at some distance. Then they began blustering again, and throwing stones; one of which struck Mr. *Thompson's* servant.

Friday

Friday 21. We rode to *Marazion* (vulgarly called *Marketjew.*) Finding the Justices were not met, we walked up *St. Michael's Mount*. The house at the top is surprizingly large and pleasant. Sir *John St Aubin* had taken much pains, and been at a considerable expence, in repairing and beautifying the apartments. And when the seat was finished, the owner died!

About two Mr. *Thompson* and I went into the room, where the Justices and Commissioners were. After a few minutes, Dr. *Borlace* stood up and asked, "Whether we had any business?" I told him "We have. We desired to be heard, concerning one who was lately apprehended at *Crowan*." He said, "Gentlemen, the business of *Crowan* does not come on yet. You shall be sent for, when it does." So we retired, and waited in another room, till after nine o'clock. They delayed the affair of Mr. *Maxfield* (as we imagined they would) to the very last. About nine he was called. I would have gone in then. But Mr. *Thompson* advised to wait a little longer. The next information we received was, that they had sentenced him to go for a soldier. Hearing this, we went strait to the commission-chamber. But the honourable gentlemen were gone.

They had ordered Mr. *Maxfield*, to be immediately put on board a boat, and carried for *Penzance*. We were informed, "They had first offered him to the Captain of a man of war, that was just come into the harbour. But he answered, "I have no authority to take such men as these: unless you would have me give him so much a week, to preach and pray to my people."

Saturday 22. We reached *St. Ives* about two in the morning. At five I preached on *Love your enemies*; and at *Gwenap*, in the evening, on *All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution*.

We heard to-day, that as soon as Mr. *Maxfield* came to *Penzance*, they put him down into the dungeon: and that the Mayor being inclined to let

let him go, Dr. *Borlase* had gone thither on purpose, and had himself read the articles of war in the court, and delivered him to one, who was to act as an officer.

Saturday 23. I preached in *Gwenap* at five, and about eight at *Stithians*, to a large and quiet congregation. Thence we went to *Wendron* church. At two I preached a mile and half from the church, under a large shady tree, on part of the epistle for the day, *Marvel not, if the world hate you, &c.* At five I began at *Crowan*, the head-quarters of the people that delight in war. While I was expounding part of the second morning lesson, Capt. *R.* came with a party of men, ready for battle. But their master riding away in two or three minutes, their countenances quickly fell. One and another stole off his hat, till they were all uncovered; nor did they either move or speak, till I had finished my discourse.

We rode hence to *St. Ives*: where *Monday 24.* I preached at five, on *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.* As we returned from church at noon, a famous man of the town, attacked us, for the entertainment of his masters. I turned back, and spoke to him, and he was ashamed. In the afternoon, as I was walking over the Market-place, he just put out his head: but after one scream, ran back into the house with great precipitation. We expected a visit in the evening from some of the devils drunken champions, who swarm here on a Holy-day, so called. But none appeared. So after a comfortable hour, we praised God, and parted in peace.

Tuesday 25. We rode to *St. Just.* I preached at seven to the largest congregation I have seen since my coming. At the meeting of the earnest, loving Society, all our hearts were in a flame: and again at five in the morning, while I explained, *There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.*

When the preaching was ended, the constable apprehended *Edward Greenfield* (by a warrant from

Dr. *Borlase*) a Tinner, in the forty-sixth year of his age, having a wife and seven children. Three years ago he was eminent for cursing, swearing, drunkenness, and all manner of wickedness. But those old things had been for some time past away. And he was then remarkable for a quite contrary behaviour.

I asked a little gentleman at St. *Just*, "What objection there was to *Edward Greenfield*?" He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things. But his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, Sir, he says he knows his sins are forgiven!" —And, *for this cause*, he is adjudged to banishment or death!

I preached at *Morva* and *Zunnor* in my return to St. *Ives*. Friday 28. Mr. *Thompson* and *Bennet* returned home. Saturday 29. I preached at St. *Just* again, and at *Morva* and *Zunnor* on Sunday 30. About six in the evening, I began preaching at St. *Ives*, in the street, near *John Nance's* door. A multitude of people were quickly assembled, both high and low, rich and poor. And I observed not any creature to laugh or smile, or hardly move hand or foot. I expounded the gospel for the day, beginning with, *Then drew near all the publicans and sinners for to hear him*. A little before seven came Mr. *Edwards* from the Mayor, and ordered one to read the proclamation against riots. I concluded quickly after; but the body of the people appeared utterly unsatisfied, not knowing how to go away. Forty or fifty of them begged they might be present at the meeting of the Society. And we rejoiced together for an hour in such a manner, as I had never known before in *Cornwall*.

Tuesday, July 2. I preached in the evening at St. *Just*. I observed not only several gentlemen there, who I suppose never came before, but a large body of Tanners, who stood at a distance from the rest, and a great multitude of men, women and children beside, who seemed not well to know, why they came. Almost as soon as we had

had done finging, a kind of gentlewoman began. I have seldom seen a poor creature take so much pains. She scolded, and screamed, and spit, and stamped, and wrung her hands, and distorted her face and body all manner of ways. I took no notice of her at all, good or bad; nor did almost any one else. Afterwards I heard, she was one that had been bred a Papist; and when she heard, we were so, rejoiced greatly. No wonder she should be proportionably angry, when she was disappointed of her hope.

Mr. *Euslick*, a neighbouring gentleman came, just as I was concluding my sermon. The people opening to the right and left, he came up to me and said, "Sir, I have a warrant from Dr. *Borlase*, and you must go with me." Then turning round, he said, "Sir, are you Mr. *Shepherd*? If so, you are mentioned in the warrant too. Be pleased, Sir, to come with me." We walked with him to a publick house, near the end of the town. Here he asked me, If I was willing to go with him to the Dr.? I told him, just then, if he pleased. "Sir, said he, I must wait upon you to your Inn; and in the morning, if you will be so good as to go with me, I will shew you the way." So he handed me back to my Inn and retired.

Wednesday 3. I waited till nine. But no Mr. *Euslick* came. I then desired Mr. *Shepherd*, to go and inquire for him at the house wherein he had lodged; *Si forte edormisset hoc villi*: he met him coming, as he thought, to our Inn. But after waiting some time, we enquired again, and learned he had turned aside, to another house in the town. I went thither and asked, "Is Mr. *Euslick* here?" After some pause, one said, yes; and shewed me into the parlour. When he came down he said, "O Sir, will you be so good as to go with me to the Dr's." I answered, "Sir, I came for that purpose." "Are you ready, Sir?" I answered, yes. "Sir, I am not quite ready. In a little time, Sir. In a quarter of an hour. I will wait upon you. I will come to *William*

Chenhall's." In about three-quarters of an hour he came, and finding there was no remedy, he called for his horse, and put forward towards Dr. *Borlase's* house. But he was in no haste: so that we were an hour and a quarter riding three or four measured miles. As soon as we came into the yard, he asked a servant, is the Doctor at home? Upon whose answering, "No, Sir, he is gone to church:" he presently said, "Well, Sir, I have executed my commission. I have done, Sir, I have no more to say."

About noon Mr. *Shepherd* and I reached *St. Ives*. After a few hours rest, we rode to *Gwenap*. Finding the house would not contain one fourth of the people, I stood before the door. I was reading my text, when a man came, raging as if just broke out of the Tombs: and riding into the thickest of the people, seized three or four, one after another, none lifting a hand against him. A second (gentleman, so called) soon came after, if possible more furious than he; and ordered his men to seize on some others, Mr. *Shepherd* in particular. Most of the people however stood still as they were before, and began singing a hymn. Upon this Mr. *B.* lost all patience, and cried out with all his might, "seize him, seize him. I say, seize the preacher, for his Majesty's service." But no one stirring, he rode up and struck several of his attendants, cursing them bitterly for not doing as they were bid. Perceiving still, that they would not move, he leaped off his horse, swore he would do it himself, and caught hold of my Cassock, crying, "I take you to serve his Majesty." A servant taking his horse, he took me by the arm, and we walked arm in arm for about three quarters of a mile. He entertained me all the time, with the wickedness of the fellows belonging to the Society." When he was taking breath, I said, "Sir, be they what they will, I apprehend it will not justify you, in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, o serve his Majesty." He replied, "I seize you!"
and

and violently carry you away! No, Sir, no. Nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house. And you said, you was willing. And if so, you are welcome. And if not, you are welcome to go where you please." I answered, "Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through the rabble." "Sir, said he, I will go with you myself." He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me.

Thursday 4. I rode to *Falmouth*. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides, by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm. At first Mrs. B. and her daughter endeavoured to quiet them. But it was labour lost. They might as well have attempted to still the raging of the sea. They were soon glad to shift for themselves, and leave K. E. and me to do as well as we could. The rabble roared with all their throats, "Bring out the *Canorum*! Where is the *Canorum*?" (an unmeaning word which the *Cornish* generally use instead of *Methodist*.) No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage. Only a wainscot-partition was between us, which was not likely to stand long. I immediately took down a large looking-glass which hung against it, supposing the whole side would fall in at once. When they began their work with abundance of bitter imprecations, poor *Kitty* was utterly astonished, and cried out, "O Sir, what must we do?" I said, "We must pray." Indeed at that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase. She asked, "But, Sir, is it not better for you to hide yourself? To get into the closet?" I answered "No. It is best for me to stand just where I am." Among those without were the crews of some privateers, which were lately

lately come into the harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and coming up altogether set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, "Avast, lads, avast!" Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them and said, "Here I am. Which of you has any thing to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? Or you? Or you?" I continued speaking, till I came bare headed as I was (for I purposely left my hat, that they might all see my face) into the middle of the street, and then raising my voice, said, "Neighbours, countrymen! Do you desire to hear me speak!" They cried vehemently, "Yes, yes. He shall speak. He shall. Nobody shall hinder him." But having nothing to stand on, and no advantage of ground, I could be heard by few only. However I spoke without intermission, and as far as the sound reached, the people were still: till one or two of their Captains turned about and swore, "Not a man should touch him." Mr. *Thomas* a Clergyman then came up, and asked, "Are you not ashamed to use a stranger thus?" He was soon seconded by two or three gentlemen of the town, and one of the Aldermen; with whom I walked down the town speaking all the time, till I came to Mrs. *Maddern's* house. The gentleman proposed sending for my horse to the door, and desired me to step in and rest the mean time. But on second thoughts, they judged it not advisable to let me go out among the people again. So they chose to send my horse before me to *Penryn*, and to send me thither by water: the sea running close by the back-door of the house in which we were.

I never saw before, no, not at *Walsal* itself, the hand of God so plainly shewn as here. There I had many companions, who were willing to die with me: here not a friend, but one simple girl; who likewise was hurried away from me in an instant, as soon as ever she came out of Mrs. *B's* door,

door. There I received some blows, lost part of my cloaths, and was covered over with dirt. Here, although the hands of perhaps some hundreds of people were lifted up to strike or throw, yea, they were one and all stopped in the mid-way, so that not a man touched me with one of his fingers. Neither was any thing thrown from first to last : so that I had not even a speck of dirt on my cloaths. Who can deny, that God hearth the prayer ? Or that he hath all power in heaven and earth ?

I took boat at about half an hour past five. Many of the mob waited at the end of the town, who seeing me escaped out of their hands, could only revenge themselves with their tongues. But a few of the fiercest ran along the shore, to receive me at my landing. I walked up the steep, narrow passage from the sea, at the top of which the foremost-man stood. I looked him in the face and said, " I wish you a good night." He spake not, nor moved hand or foot till I was on horse-back. Then he said, " I wish you was in hell ;" and turned back to his companions.

As soon as I came within sight of *Tolcarn* (in *Wendron* parish) where I was to preach in the evening, I was met by many, running as it were for their lives, and begging me to go no further. I asked, " Why not ?" They said, " The church-wardens and constables, and all the heads of the parish, are waiting for you at the top of the hill, and are resolved to have you. They have a special warrant from the justices met at *Helston*, who will stay there till you are brought." I rode directly up the hill, and observing four or five horse-men well dressed, went strait to them and said, " Gentlemen, has any of you any thing to say to me ? I am *John Wesley* ?" One of them appeared extremely angry at this, that I should " presume to say, I was Mr. *John Wesley*." And I know not how I might have fared, for advancing so bold an assertion, but that Mr. *Collins*, the minister of *Redruth* (accidently, as he said) came by. Upon his accosting

accompanying me, and saying, he knew me at *Oxford*. My first antagonist was silent, and a dispute of another kind began "Whether this preaching had done any good?" I appealed to matter of fact. He allowed (after many words) "People are the better for the present:" but added, "To be sure, by and by, they will be as bad, if not worse than ever."

When he rode away, one of the gentlemen said, "Sir, I would speak with you a little. Let us ride to the gate." We did so, and he said, "Sir, I will tell you the ground of this. All the gentlemen of these parts say, that you have been a long time in *France* and *Spain*, and are now sent hither by the Pretender; and that these Societies are to join him." Nay surely. *All the gentlemen in these parts*, will not lie against their own conscience!

I rode hence to a friend's house some miles off, and found the sleep of a labouring man is sweet. I was informed there were many here also, who had an earnest desire to hear "this preaching." But they did not dare. Sir ——— having solemnly declared, nay, and that in the face of the whole congregation, as they were coming out of church, "If any man of this parish dares hear these fellows, he shall not ——— come to my *Christmas* feast."

Friday 5. As we were going to *Trezilla*, (in *Gulval* Parish) several met us in a great consternation, and told us, the constables and churchwardens were come and waited for us. I went straight on, and found a serious congregation, but neither churchwarden nor constable: nor any creature to molest us, either at the preaching, or at the meeting of the Society. After so many storms, we now enjoyed the calm, and praised God from the ground of the heart.

Saturday 16. I rode with Mr. *Shepherd* to *Gwenap*. Here also we found the people in the utmost consternation. Word was brought, that a great company of *Tinners*, made drunk on purpose,

pose, were coming to do terrible things. I laboured much to compose their minds. But fear had no ears: so that abundance of people went away. I preached to the rest, on *Love your enemies*. The event shewed, this also was a false alarm, an artifice of the devil, to hinder men from hearing the word of God.

Sunday 7. I preached at five to a quiet congregation and about eight at *Stithians*. Between six and seven in the evening we came to *Tolcarn*. Hearing the mob was rising again, I began preaching immediately. I had not spoke a quarter of an hour, before they came in view. One Mr. *Trounce* rode up first, and began speaking to me, wherein he was roughly interrupted by his companions. Yet as I stood on a high wall, and kept my eyes upon them, many were softened and grew calmer and calmer: which some of their champions observing, went round and suddenly pushed me down. I light on my feet, without any hurt; and finding myself close to the warmest of the horse-men, I took hold of his hand and held it fast, while I expostulated the case. As for being convinced, he was quite above it. However both he and his fellows grew much milder, and we parted very civilly.

Monday 8. I preached at five, on *Watch and pray*, to a quiet and earnest congregation. We then rode to *St. Ives*, the most still and honourable post (so are the times changed) which we have in *Cornwall*.

Tuesday 9. I had just begun preaching at *St. Just*, when Mr. *E.* came once more, took me by the hand, and said, "I must go with him." To avoid making a tumult, I went. He said, "I had promised last week, not to come again to *St. Just* for a month." I absolutely denied the having made any such promise. After about half an hour, he handed me back to my inn.

Wednesday 10. In the evening I began to expound (at *Trevouan* in *Morva*) *Ho! Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.* In less than a quarter

ter of an hour, the constable, and his companions came, and read the proclamation against riots. When he had done, I told him, "We will do as you require; we will disperse within an hour," and went on with my sermon. After preaching I had designed to meet the Society alone. But many others also followed with such earnestness, that I could not turn them back. So I exhorted them all, to love their enemies, as Christ hath loved us. They felt what was spoken. Cries and tears were on every side: and all could bear witness,

" Even now the Lord doth pour
The blessing from above;
A kindly, gracious shower
Of heart-reviving love."

Thursday 11. I found some life even at *Zunnor*, and on *Friday 12.* at *Gulval*. *Saturday 13.* I met the stewards of all the Societies at *St. Ives*, and preached in the evening at *Gwenap* without interruption. *Sunday 14.* at eight I preached at *Stithians*, and earnestly exhorted the Society, "Not to think of pleasing men, but to count all things loss, so that they might win Christ. Before I had done, the Constables and churchwardens came, and pressed one of the hearers for a soldier.

Monday 15. Mr. *Bennet* met us at *Trewint*, and told us, *Francis Walker* had been driven thence, and had since been an instrument of great good, wherever he had been. Indeed I never remember so great an awakening in *Cornwall*, wrought in so short a time: among young and old, rich and poor, from *Trewint* to the sea-side.

I preached between four and five, and then went on to *Laneast* church, where I read prayers, and preached, on *There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus*. O how pleasant a thing is even outward peace! What would not a man give for it, but a good conscience!

Tuesday

Tuesday 16. I read prayers at five, and preached in *Trefmere* church. About three I preached in *St. Mary Week* church, on *Repent ye, and believe the gospel.* Between six and seven I began reading prayers at *Tamerton*, where I preached on *John iv. 24.* *Wednesday 17.* I rode to Mr. *Thompson's* near *Barnstaple*, and the next evening to *Minehead.* Early on *Friday 19.* We went on board, and in about four hours crossed the channel and reached *Fonmon.*

We were here, as it were, in a new world, in peace, and honour, and abundance. How soon should I melt away in this sunshine! But the goodness of God suffered it not. In the morning I rode to *Cardiff*, where also there had been much disturbance; but now all was calm. I preached there in the evening. God gave a blessing with his word, and we greatly rejoiced before him.

Sunday 21. I preached at *Cardiff* at five, and at *Wenbo* morning and afternoon. In the evening I preached again at *Cardiff* in the Castle-yard, on *Great is the mystery of Godliness.* I never saw such a congregation in *Wales* before. And all behaved as men fearing God.

Monday 22. I preached at half hour after four, and then set out with Mr. *Hodges*, Rector of *Wenbo*, for *Garth*, Mr. *Philips* guided us till he thought all the difficulty was over. But it proved otherwise; for almost as soon as he left us, the night coming on, we got out of the road, and might very probably have wandered till day-light, had not a gentleman met us, and rode out of his way, to shew us to Mr. *Gwynne's* house.

Tuesday 23. I preached about noon at *Maefmennys*, to a larger congregation than the church could contain. About three I preached at *Builth.* Five Clergymen of us were present, two Justices of Peace, and well nigh all the grown people in the town. I had not known so solemn a season before, since we came into *Wales.*

Wednesday 24. I preached at *Builth* again and afterwards at *Mafemennys.* Thence Mr. *Philips* rode

rode with us to *Landdu* church, where I preached at six to a small serious congregation. And the next evening, *Thursday* 25. I came back safe, blessed be God, to *Bristol*.

I found both my soul and body much refreshed in this peaceful place. *Thursday*, Aug. 1, and the following days, we had our second Conference, with as many of our brethren that labour in the word as could be present.

During my stay here, I took the opportunity of visiting the little Societies round *Bristol*, in *Wiltshire*, and *Somersetshire*.

Monday 12. I was desired to read over my old friend *Anthony Purvor's* Essay, toward a new Translation of the Bible. But how was I disappointed! I found the text flat and dead: much altered indeed, but commonly for the worse: and the Notes merely critical, dull and dry, without any unction, or spirit or life.

I had now leisure to look over the letters I had received this summer: some extracts of which are here subjoined.

London, May 25, 1745.

Rev. S. I R,

“**M**ARY COOK, who had been ill for above six months, grew much worse a week or two ago. She had been long remarkably serious, and greatly desirous of knowing her interest in Christ: but then her desires were much increased, and she had no rest in her spirit, but cried unto him day and night. On *Monday* last, she mourned more than ever, and would not be comforted. Then she lay still a while, and on a sudden broke out,

“Praise, God from whom pure blessings flow.” Her mother asked her the cause of this, she said. “O mother, I am happy, I am happy. I shall soon go to heaven;” and many more words she spoke to the same effect. I called upon her a few hours after, and found her still in a settled peace. She told me, “I am assured of God’s love to my soul.”

soul. I am not afraid to die. I know the Lord will take me to himself, Lord hasten the time. I long to be with thee." On *Tuesday* and *Wednesday* she spoke little, being exceeding weak, but continued instant in prayer. On *Wednesday* about noon she desired her mother to get her up into the chair, which she did. A little before three, her mother holding her in her arms, she desired her to let her go. Then placing herself upright in the chair, with her hands laid in her lap, and a calm majesty in her countenance, she said, "Lord, receive my soul," and expired." 0

Bristol, June 6, 1745.

"I Have delivered another of my charge to the Lord. On *Saturday* night *Molly Thomas* was taken home. She was always constant in the use of all the means, and behaved well, both at home and abroad. After she was taken ill, she was distressed indeed, between the pain of her body, and the anguish of her soul. But where is all pain gone, when Jesus comes? When he manifests himself to the heart? In that hour she cried out, "Christ is mine! I know my sins are forgiven me." Then she sung praise to him that loved her, and bought her with his own blood. The fear of death was gone, and she longed to leave her father, her mother, and all her friends. She said, "I am almost at the top of the ladder. Now I see the Towers before me, and a large company coming up behind me. I shall soon go. It is but for Christ to speak the word, and I am gone. I only wait for that word, "Rise up, my love, and come away."

When they thought her strength was gone, she broke out again,

"Christ hath the foundation laid
And Christ shall build me up:

H

Surely

Surely I shall soon be made
 Partaker of my hope:
 Author of my faith he is ;
 He its finisher shall be :
 Perfect love shall seal me his
 To all eternity."

So she fell asleep. O Lord, my God, glory be to thee for all things. I feel such desires in my soul after God, that my strength goes away. I feel there is not a moment's time to spare: and yet how many do I lose? Lord Jesus give me to be more and more diligent and watchful in all things. It is no matter to me, how I was an hour ago. Is my soul now waiting upon God? O that I may in all things, and through all things, see nothing but Christ. O that when he comes, he may find me watching!"

S. C.

June 27, 1745.

Dear S I R,

"I Sat up with ~~Isaac~~ Kilby three nights, and being greatly comforted by many of his expressions, I believed it would not be losing time, to set a few of them down.

"On Wednesday, June 18. When I came into the house, he was supposed to be near his end, his body was in great pain, and just gasping for breath. But his mind was in perfect peace.

"He had little strength to speak. But when he did (which was now and then on a sudden, as if immediately supported for that purpose) his words were strangely powerful, just as if they came from one who was now before the throne of glory.

"When he had just drank something, I said, "All may drink of the water of life freely." He lifted

lifted up his hands in great love and said, "Yea, all, all : all the world."

"After long silence, he suddenly asked me, how I felt myself? I replied, "I find great consolation from the Lord." He said, "How strange it is, that such a rebel as I, should bring glory to God."

"When dosing his mind would rove, but even then his discourse consisted chiefly, of strong exhortations to some of his acquaintance, to repent and persevere in the ways of God.

"On *Friday* I called and found him in the same spirit, full of pain, yet full of joy unspeakable. I could not forbear sitting up with him again. All his words were full of divine wisdom, expressing a deep sense of the presence and mercy of God, and of his own unworthiness.

"Mention being made concerning his burial : (in the beginning of his sickness, he had desired, that Mr. *Wesley* might bury him, and preach a sermon from that text, *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth.*) He said "Now I do not think of such things. Bury me as you will. Yet I should be glad to have a sermon preached. But just as Mr. *Wesley* pleases."

"He said to me, "O go on, and you will rejoice as I do, in the like condition." He prayed, that he might die before the morning ; but added, *Not as I will, but as thou wilt.*"

"Thus he continued till *Wednesday, June 25.* when I sat up with him again. Being now much weaker, he roved more than ever. Yet when I asked "*Isaac*, How do you find your soul?" He answered, "I rejoice in God my Saviour. I am as clay in the hands of the potter." And about half an hour after twelve, he went to sing praise to God and the Lamb for ever."

"Some circumstances related in the following letter, which some may account odd accidents, I think are such instances of the pro-

vidence of God, as ought to be had in remembrance."

June 28, 1745. Bristol.

Rev. S I R,

"ON May 31, I went to *Sykehouse*, and exhorted the people at all opportunities. On Monday, June 3. about three in the morning, *W. Holmes* came to me, and said, "Brother *Moss*, I have been just awaked by a dream, that the constables and churchwardens came, to press you for a foldier. I would have you get up and go to *Norton*. I did so, and he walked with me about half a mile. At his return, the constables and churchwardens were come. They asked him, where is the preacher? He said, "I have just carried him away. But have you a warrant to press such men as these?" They answered, "Yes, we have, and will press him, if we see him here again." He replied, "You shall see him again in that day, when the Lord shall judge the world in righteousness."

"He came and told me, and advised me, to go thence. So I went to *Epworth* on Tuesday. On Wednesday night I had spoke about a quarter of an hour, when the churchwardens and constables came. They bade me stop. I told them, "I will, when I have delivered my message." They cried, "Bring him away, bring him away." I thought, but they cannot, unless the Lord will." The constable coming up to me, I looked him in the face, and he shrunk back, and said, "I cannot take him." His companions swore, "But we will fetch him soon." As they were pressing on, many of the people got between, and kept so close together, that for near half an hour they could get no further. Glory be to God, my soul all the time was rather in heaven than on earth.

"They

“ They went out to consult what to do, and soon returned with great staves, wherewith they beat down several that stood in their way ; but still they could not make their passage through, till Mr. *Maw* came, (the chief gentleman in the town) and sent for me into the house. There we prayed and sung hymns, till about eleven o'clock. He then advised me to go out of the town. So many of our brethren went with me to *Robert Taylor's* house at *Burnham*: where we continued praying and praising God, till about four o'clock in the morning. I then rode back to *Norton*, and from thence by *Leeds*, *Birstal*, and *Barley-hall* to *Sheffield*.

“ On *Wednesday* evening, *June 12*, as I was privately conversing with a few of the people, the constables and churchwardens came up, and dragged me down stairs. But quickly one of them listened a little and cried out, “ They are at prayers. I will have nothing to do in this matter.” The rest began to look at one another: took their hands off me, and went their way. I went from *Sheffield* through *Derbyshire*, *Cheshire*, and *Staffordshire*, to *Birmingham*; and so on by *Evesham* and *Stanley*. In most places I was threatened; but out of all dangers, the Lord delivered me.
——— I remain

Your child and servant in Christ,

Richard Moss.

London, July 10, 1745.

Dear S I R,

“ THE faith you mention, I have experienced much of, though not continually. But am groaning for all the glorious privileges of the children of God. And I really believe the greater part of us are earnestly seeking, and patiently aspiring after this full redemption.

H 3

“ Hea-

" Heavenly meetings we have had on *Wednesday* evenings, since we have opened our minds freely to each other. No one speaks but in the fear of God, so that what is spoke by any, is felt by all the rest. And if any one begins to tell an unprofitable tale, there is a stop put to it without offence. So that since I have belonged to the Society, I never found so great love and unity in this meeting. Indeed so awful it sometimes is, that I seem to be little less, than a spirit casting down my crown before the throne.

" I find it necessary to follow after perfection in every thing, in every place, and in every hour. There are many thoughts I think, many words I speak, and many of my works, I find are now perfect in their kind, i. e. thought, spoke, and done with a single eye to the glory of God. I cannot think, I ought to look for perfection in the future, and so sit still and idle at present. I received the grace of God, which I now must occupy, or suffer loss.

" Certainly God is pleased or displeased with all my thoughts, words, and actions, which is manifested to me by the convictions of his holy spirit. And the more I obey God, the more holy I am; and the more holy I am, the more I please God. Or, as one expresses it, "The more I deny myself in thought, word and deed; of pride, lust, anger, self-will, worldly-mindedness, the more the good spirit will dwell and abide in me; for where sin is, it drives the good spirit away." When my conscience is void of offence, I enjoy a continual sense of my justification, from which flows unspeakable peace, love and happiness.

" I find more and more, I must deny myself. Whatever others may do, I find no peace (nor do I desire it) while my thoughts, words or actions are agreeable to nature.

" This is my misfortune. Nature has still a part in me, and I often yield to evil thoughts, trifling words, or foolish actions; works done,

not in faith, which grieve the spirit of God, and bring me into misery and trouble. - Yet I have a good hope I shall go on, from strength to strength, from conquering to conquer.

"All is peaceable in this great city. How long it will remain so, is known only to him that knows all things. My soul seems preparing for a storm, and the spirit of truth is continually teaching me, to divest myself of all things, that being in readiness, that hour may not come upon me unawares. I have nothing outwardly, glory be to God, that keeps me confined to the earth. And I hope what is still in me contrary to the purity of him, before whom I must shortly stand without a covering, will be taken away, before I depart hence to be no more seen."

Tuesday, August 13. I rode to Cirencester, and preached there in the evening. *Wednesday 14.* at Oxford. *Thursday 15.* at Wycombe, and on *Friday 16.* at London.

Saturday 17. I had much conversation with Mr. Simpson, an original Enthusiast. That I might understand him the more thoroughly, I desired him in the evening, to give an exhortation to the penitents. He did so, and spoke many good things, in a manner peculiar to himself. When he had done, I summoned up what he had said, methodizing and explaining it. O what pity it is, this well-meaning man should ever speak without an interpreter!

Sunday 25. I saw a poor man, once joined with us, who wanted nothing in this world, but the peace the world cannot give. A day or two before he had hanged himself, but was cut down, before he was dead. He had been crying out ever since, God had left him, because he had left the children of God. But he now began to have some glimmering of hope, that God would not hide his face for ever.

Tuesday

Tuesday, September 3. Great was our joy in the Lord, at the publick reading of the letters. Part of one was as follows.

Betly, near Namptwich,

August 24, 1745.

“ **I** Rejoice that the Lord stirs you up more and more, to labour in his vineyard. I am persuaded, it is not a small matter, whether we speak or let it alone. If I go into any company, and there be an opportunity to reprove or exhort, and I come away without using it, I am as much condemned in my own conscience, as if I had robbed them. Pray for me, that I may have patience to endure the contradiction of sinners, and that I may always remember, the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God.

“ *Sunday, August 4,* We met as usual. As soon as we had begun prayer, there came the Curate, with a Lawyer. He staid till we had done prayer, and then asked “What is the intent of your meeting?” I answered, “To build each other up in our most holy faith.” He said, “But what method do you use?” I answered, “This is the third *Sunday* that I have met these my brethren. The first *Sunday* we read the fifth chapter of *St. Matthew*, and exhorted one another, to follow after the holiness and happiness there described. Last *Sunday* we considered the sixth. And now, if we are not hindered, we shall go on to the seventh.” He bade us “Go on: and he would stay a little and hear us.” By the desire of the rest I read the chapter, which I had scarce done, when the Lawyer began a long harangue, concerning the danger we were in of running mad. I answered, “Sir, as I perceive you have no design to help us, if you will not hinder us, we shall take it as a favour.” He went out directly, and

and left the Curate with us, who began to exhort us, not to be over anxious about our salvation, but to divert ourselves a little. I told him, "Sir, we desire whatever we do, to do all to the glory of God." "What, saith he, do you deny all diversions?" I said, "All which do not agree with that rule." He hurried away, and said as he went, "I wish you do not fall into some error."

"The following week, grievous threatnings were given out, of what we should suffer if we met again. On *Friday* 9, a gentleman sent for me, and told me, "he would hire a mob, to pull the house down; for we were the most disturbing dogs in the nation." I said, "Sir, if there be a disturbance now, it will lie at *your* door." A few of us intend to meet on *Sunday* after sermon, to encourage one another in serving God. You say, if we do, you will have the house pulled down. And then you will say, "We have made the disturbance!" He said, "He would send for me another time, and have an hour's discourse with me."

"On *Sunday*, the man at whose house we were to meet, was warned by his landlady not to receive us; for if he did, the house would surely be pulled down. However he did receive us. A great many people coming about the house, he told them, if they had a mind they might come in: so they came in, as many as the house would hold. I told them all, the design of our meeting. Then we prayed, and I read the first chapter of *St. James*, and spoke a little on those words, *If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.* And two more of our brethren testified, by their own experience, that he is a God of truth. They stood as dumb men, till we had done, nor did one afterward open his mouth against us.

"From this time we have been threatened more and more, especially by the gentry, who say they will send us all for soldiers. Nevertheless on *Sunday*

day 18, we had a quiet and comfortable meeting. We considered the third chapter of the first Epistle of St. Peter, which was the evening lesson for the day. We were thankful for the record that is there left us, of the treatment we are to meet with. And we are all much humbled, that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the sake of Christ.

"I have been ill this fortnight, having got a great cold, but am obliged to keep it to myself as much as I can: because a person here cannot have the very form of godliness, but if he is sick, that is the cause of it. I seem not to desire life or death; but that the will of God may be done."

Friday 6. Many of my friends were grieved at the advertisement which *James Hutton* had just published, by order of Count *Zinzendorf*, declaring, that he and his people had no connexion, with Mr. *John* and *Charles Wesley*. But I believed, that declaration would do us no more harm, than the prophecy which the Count subjoined to it, that we should "soon run our heads against the wall." We will not, if we can help it.

Sunday 8. In the evening, I desired the Society to stay, that we might commend each other to God, as not knowing how he might see good to dispose of us, before we saw each other's face again.

Monday 9. I left *London*, and the next morning called on Dr. *Doddridge* at *Northampton*. It was about the hour when he was accustomed to expound a portion of scripture to the young gentlemen under his care. He desired me to take his place. It may be the seed was not altogether sown in vain.

In the evening, the church at *Markfield* was full, while I explained, *The scripture hath concluded all under sin*. Wednesday 11, I preached at *Sheffield*. I had designed to go to *Epworth*: but hearing of more and more commotions in the North, I judged it best, to go straight on to *Newcastle*.

Tuesday

Thursday 12, I came to *Leeds*, preached at five, and at eight, met the Society : after which the mob pelted us with dirt and stones, great part of the way home. The congregation was much larger next evening. And so was the mob at our return, and likewise in higher spirits, being ready to knock out all our brains, for joy that the Duke of *Tuscany* was Emperor. What a melancholy consideration is this ? That the bulk of the *English* nation, will not suffer God to give them the blessings he would ; because they would turn them into curses. He cannot, for instance, give them success against their enemies ; for they would tear their own countrymen in pieces. He cannot trust them with victory, lest they should thank him by murdering those that are quiet in the land.

On *Saturday* and *Sunday*, I preached at *Armley*, *Birstal* and *Leeds*, and on *Monday 16*, rode to *Osmotherley*. *Tuesday 17*. I saw the poor remains of the old chapel on the brow of the hill ; as well as those of the *Carthusian* Monastery (called *Mount-Grace*) which lay at the foot of it. The walls of the church, of the cloister, and some of the cells, are tolerably intire. And one may still discern the partitions between the little gardens, one of which belonged to every cell. Who knows but some of the poor, superstitious Monks, who once served God here, according to the light they had, may meet us by and by, in that house of God, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ?

Wednesday 18. About five we came to *Newcastle*, in an acceptable time. We found the generality of the inhabitants, in the utmost consternation ; news being just arrived, that the morning before, at two o'clock, the Pretender had entered *Edinburgh*. A great concourse of people were with us in the evening, to whom I expounded the third chapter of *Jonah* : insisting particularly on that verse, *Who can tell, if God will return, and repent, and turn away from his fierce anger, that we perish not ?*

Thursday

Thursday 19. The Mayor, (Mr. Ridley) summoned all the householders of the town, to meet him at the town-hall: and desired as many of them as were willing, to set their hands to a paper, importing, that they would, at the hazard of their goods, and lives, defend the town against the common enemy. Fear and darkness were now on every side; but not on those who had seen the light of God's countenance. We rejoiced together in the evening with solemn joy, while God applied those words to many hearts, *Fear not ye: for I know that ye seek Jesus which was crucified.*

Friday 20. The Mayor ordered the townsmen to be under arms, and to mount guard in their turns, over and above the guard of soldiers, a few companies of whom had been drawn into the town on the first alarm. Now also *Pilgrim-Street-Gate* was ordered to be walled up. Many began to be much concerned for us, because our house stood without the walls. Nay, but the Lord is a wall of fire unto all that trust in him.

I had desired all our brethren, to join with us this day, in seeking God by fasting and prayer. About one we met and poured out our souls before him. And we believed he would send an answer of peace.

Saturday 21. The same day the action was, came the news of General *Cope's* defeat. Orders were now given for the doubling the guard, and for walling up *Pandon*, and *Sally-Port-Gates*. In the afternoon I wrote the following letter:

To the worshipful, the Mayor of *Newcastle*.

S I R,

MY not waiting upon you at the town-hall, was not owing to any want of respect. I reverence you for your office sake; and much more for your zeal in the execution of it. I would to God every Magistrate in the land, would

would copy after such an example ! Much less was it owing to any disaffection to his Majesty king *George*. But I knew not how far it might be either necessary or proper for me to appear on such an occasion. I have no fortune at *Newcastle* —I have only the bread I eat, and the use of a little room for a few weeks in the year.

All I can do for his Majesty, whom I honour and love, I think not less than I did my own father, is this ; I cry unto God day by day, in publick and private, to put all his enemies to confusion. And I exhort all that hear me, to do the same, and in their several stations to exert themselves as loyal subjects, who so long as they fear God, cannot but honour the king.

Permit me, Sir, to add a few words more, out of the fulness of my heart. I am persuaded you fear God, and have a deep sense, that his kingdom ruleth over all. Unto whom then (I may ask you) should we flee for succour, but unto him whom by our sins we have justly displeased ? O, Sir, is it not possible to give any check to those overflowings of ungodliness ? To the open, flagrant wickedness, the drunkenness and prophaneness, which so abound, even in our streets. I just take leave to suggest this. May the God whom you serve, direct you in this, and all things ! This is the daily prayer of, Sir,

Your obedient servant, for Christ's sake,

J. W.

Sunday 22. The walls were mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault. Mean time our poor neighbours on either hand, were busy in removing their goods. And most of the best houses in our street were left without either furniture or inhabitants. Those within the walls were almost equally busy, in carrying away their money and goods : and more and more of the gentry every hour, rode southward as fast as they
I could,

could. At eight I preached at *Gateshead*, in a broad part of the street, near the Popish chapel. On the wisdom of God in governing the world! How do all things tend to the furtherance of the gospel!

I never saw before so well-behaved a congregation in any church at *Newcastle*, as was that at *St. Andrews* this morning. The place appeared as indeed the house of God. And the sermon Mr. *Elifson* preached was strong and weighty, which he could scarce conclude for tears.

All this week the alarms from the North continued, and the storm seemed nearer every day. Many wondered we would still stay without the walls. Others told us, we must remove quickly. For if the cannon began to play from the top of the gates, they would beat all the house about our ears. This made me look how the cannons on the gates were planted. And I could not but adore the providence of God. For it was obvious, 1. They were all planted in such a manner, that no shot could touch our house. 2. The cannon on *Newgate* so secured us on one side, and those upon *Pilgrim-street-gate* on the other, that none could come near our house either way, without being torn in pieces.

On *Friday* and *Saturday*, many messengers of lies terrified the poor people of the town, as if the rebels were just coming to swallow them up. Upon this the guards were increased, and abundance of country-gentlemen came in, with their servants, horses and arms. Among those who came from the North, was one whom the Mayor ordered to be apprehended, on suspicion of his being a spy. As soon as he was left alone, he cut his own throat; but a surgeon coming quickly sewed up the wound. So that he lived to discover those designs of the rebels, which were thereby effectually prevented.

Sunday 29. Advice came, that they were in full march southward, so that it was supposed they would reach *Newcastle* by *Monday* evening. At
eight

eight I called a multitude of sinners in *Gateshead*, to seek the Lord while he might be found. Mr. *Ellison* preached another earnest sermon, and all the people seemed to bend before the Lord. In the afternoon I expounded part of the lesson for the day, *Jacob wrestling with the angel*. The congregation was so moved, that I began again and again, and knew not how to conclude. And we cried mightily to God, to send his Majesty king *George* help from his holy place, and to spare a sinful land yet a little longer, if haply they might know the day of their visitation.

On *Monday* and *Tuesday* I visited some of the Societies in the country, and on *Wednesday*, Oct. 2. returned to *Newcastle*; where they were just informed, that the rebels had left *Edinburgh* on *Monday*, and were swiftly marching toward them. But it appeared soon, that this also was a false alarm: it being only a party which had moved southward; the main body still remaining in their camp, a mile or two from *Edinburgh*.

On *Thursday* and *Friday* I visited the rest of the country Societies. On *Saturday* a party of the rebels (about a thousand men) came within seventeen miles of *Newcastle*. This occasioned a fresh alarm in the town: and orders were given by the general. That the soldiers should march against them on *Monday* morning. But these orders were countermanded.

Mr. *Nixon* (the gentleman who had some days since, upon being apprehended, cut his own throat) being still unable to speak, wrote as well as he could, "That the design of the Prince (as they called him, was to seize *Tinmouth* Castle, which he knew was well provided both with cannon and ammunition; and thence to march to the hill on the East side of *Newcastle*, which intirely commands the town." And if this had been done, he would have carried his point, and gained the town without a blow. The Mayor immediately sent to *Tinmouth* Castle, and lodged the cannon and ammunition in a safer place.

Tuesday 8. I wrote to General *Husk* as follows :

A surly man came to me this evening, as he said from you. He would not deign to come up stairs to me, nor so much as into the house : but stood in the yard till I came, and then obliged me to go with him into the street : where he said, " You must pull down the battlements of your house, or to-morrow the General will pull them down for you."

Sir, to me this is nothing. But I humbly conceive, it would not be proper for this man, whoever he is, to behave in such a manner to any other of his Majesty's subjects, at so critical a time as this.

I am ready, if it may be for his Majesty's service, to pull not only the battlements, but the house down : or to give up any part of it, or the whole, into your Excellency's hands.

Wednesday 9. It being supposed that the danger was over for the present, I preached at four in *Gateshead* (at *John Lyddel's*) on *Stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong* : and then taking horse with Mr. *Shepherd*, in the evening reached *Sand-hutton*.

Thursday 10. We dined at *Ferry-bridge*, where we were conducted to General *Wentworth*, who did us the honour to read over all the letters we had about us. We lay at *Doncaster*, nothing pleased with the drunken, cursing, swearing soldiers, who surrounded us on every side. Can these wretches succeed in any thing they undertake? I fear not, if there be a God that judgeth the earth?

Friday 11. I rode to *Epworth*, and preached in the evening on the third of *Jonah*. I read to-day part of the meditations of *Marcus Antoninus*. What a strange Emperor ! and what a strange heathen ! giving thanks to God for all the good things he enjoyed ! in particular for his good inspirations, and for twice revealing to him in dreams things whereby

whereby he was cured of (otherwise) incurable distempers. I make no doubt, but this is one of those many, who *shall come from the East and the West, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, while the children of the kingdom, nominal christians, are shut out.*

Sunday 13. I had the satisfaction of hearing Mr. Romley preach an earnest, affectionate sermon, exhorting all men, to prevent the judgments of God, by sincere, inward, universal repentance. It rained both before and after, but not while I preached at the cross in the afternoon. In the evening I strongly exhorted the Society, *To fear God and honour the king.*

Monday 14. I rode to *Sheffield*. We were much at a loss in the evening, what to do with the congregation. They stood above stairs, and below, and in the yard; but still there was no room.

Tuesday 15, I wrote *A Word in Season, or Advice to an Englishman*. The next morning I preached at *Barley-hall*, and then rode on for *Leeds*. I preached there at five, and the next morning and evening, without any noise or interruption.

Friday 18. At one I preached at *Oulton*. The little company there do indeed love as brethren. I divided the residue of my time between *Birstal* and *Leeds*: and on *Monday 21.* took my leave of them for a short season, and rode to Mr. Adams's at *Osmotherley*.

Tuesday 22. I came to *Newcastle* in the evening, just as Mr. Trembath was giving out the hymn: and as soon as it was ended, began preaching, without feeling any want of strength.

Wednesday 23. I found all things calm and quiet; the consternation of the people was over, but the seriousness which it had occasioned in many, continued and increased.

Saturday 26. I sent Alderman Ridley the following letter.

S I R,

THE fear of God, the love of my country, and the regard I have for his Majesty King George, constrain me to write a few plain words to one, who is no stranger to these principles of action.

My soul has been pained day by day, even in walking the streets of *Newcastle*, at the senseless, shameless wickedness, the ignorant profaneness of the poor men, to whom our lives are intrusted. The continual cursing and swearing, the wanton blasphemy of the soldiers in general, must needs be a torture to the sober ear, whether of a christian or an honest infidel. Can any that either fear God or love their neighbour, hear this without concern? Especially if they consider the interest of our country, as well as of these unhappy men themselves? For can it be expected, that God should be on their side, who are daily affronting him to his face? And if God be not on their side, how little will either their number, or courage, or strength avail.

Is there no man that careth for these souls? Doubtless there are some who ought so to do. But many of these, if I am rightly informed, receive larger pay, and do just nothing.

I would to God it were in my power, in any degree, to supply their lack of service. I am ready to do what in me lies; to call these poor sinners to repentance, once or twice a day (while I remain in these parts) at any hour, or at any place. And I desire no pay at all for doing this: unless what my Lord shall give at his appearing.

If it be objected (from our heathenish poet) "This conscience will make cowards of us all:"

I answer, let us judge by matter of fact. Let either friends or enemies speak. Did those who feared God behave as cowards at *Fontenoi*? Did *J. H.* the dragoon betray any cowardice, before or after his horse sunk under him? Or did *W. C.* when he received the first ball in his left, and the second in his right arm? Or *John Evans*, when the

the cannon-ball took of both his legs? Did he not call all about him as long as he could speak, to praise and fear God, and honour the king? As one who feared nothing, but lest his breath should be spent in vain.

If it were objected, that I should only fill their heads with peculiar whims and notions! That might easily be known. Only let the officers hear with their own ears: and they may judge, whether I do not preach the plain principles of manly, rational religion.

Having myself no knowledge of the general, I took the liberty to make this offer to you. I have no interest herein: but I should rejoice to serve, as I am able, my king and country. If it be judged, that this will be of no real service, let the proposal die, and be forgotten. But I beg you; Sir, to believe, that I have the same glorious cause, for which you have shewn so becoming a zeal, earnestly at heart: and that therefore I am, with warm respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient Servant.

Sunday 27. I received a message from Mr. Ridley, that he would communicate my proposal to the general, and return me his answer as soon as possible.

Monday 28. I rode to *Biddick*, where the first are become last. I preached on *Will ye also go away?* Many appeared to be cut to the heart. But it is well if these convictions also, do not pass away as the morning-cloud.

Tuesday 29. A young gentleman called upon me, whose father is an eminent minister in *Scotland*, and was in union with Mr. Glas, till Mr. Glas renounced him, because they did not agree as to the eating of blood. (Although I wonder any should disagree about this, who have read
the

the fifteenth chapter of the *Acts*, and considered, that no christian in the universe did eat it, till the Pope repealed the law which had remained ever since *Noah's flood*.) Are not these things in *Scotland* also for our instruction? How often are we warned, not to fall out by the way? O that we may never make any thing, more or less, the term of union with us, but the having the mind which was in Christ, and the walking as he walked!

Thursday 31. At ten I preached on the Town Moor at a small distance from the *English Camp* (the *Germans* lying by themselves) on *Ho! Every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!* None attempted to make the least disturbance, from the beginning to the end. Yet I could not reach their hearts. The words of a scholar did not affect them, like those of a dragoon or a grenadier.

Friday, November 1. A little after nine, just as I began to preach on a little eminence before the camp, the rain (which had continued all the morning,) stayed, and did not begin again till I had finished. A Lieutenant endeavoured to make some disturbance. However, when I had done, he tried to make amends, by getting up where I had stood, and telling the soldiers, all I had said was very good.

Saturday 2. The rain was staid to-day also from nine to ten (it fell both before and after) I preached on *The scripture hath concluded all under sin, that the promise—might be given to them that believe.* And I began to perceive some fruit of my labour; not only in the number of hearers, but in the power of God, which was more and more among them, both to wound and to heal.

Sunday 3. I preached about half an hour after eight, to a larger congregation than any before, on the *Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye and believe the Gospel.* And were it only for the sake of this hour, I should not have thought much of staying here longer than I intended. Between one and two in the afternoon, I went to the camp
once

once more. Abundance of people now flocked together, horse and foot, rich and poor, to whom I declared, *There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.* I observed many Germans standing disconsolate at the skirts of the congregation: to these I was constrained (though I had discontinued it so long) to speak a few words in their own language. Immediately they gathered up close together, and drank in every word.

I received two or three letters while I was at *Newcastle*, part of which is here subjoined.

Dear S I R,

“ **F**OR more than three years I walked clearly in the light of God’s countenance. Nothing could interrupt my peace, nor did I find the least rising of any evil temper: so that I believed, I was in the full sense born of God; but at last, I found, I had been mistaken. It is now about a year since I found, I could not bear all things: I could not bear to be slighted by those I loved. This occasioned pride and resentment to rise in my heart, so that I was forced to own, “I have still an evil heart.” Then I was tempted to despair. But the Lord was still nigh me, and lifted up my head. He shewed me my sin; yet did he not hide himself from me: but I could still call him, “My Lord, and my God.”

“It does not appear to me, that there is any need for us, in this case, to try to pull down one another. For though a person does think he has attained, when he has not, yet if he be simple and sincere, and desires to know himself, God will shew him, in the time and manner that seemeth him best.

“As to myself, I often think had I been faithful to the grace of God, I never had needed to know trouble more. For I believe he would have carried me on from grace to grace, till he had made me meet for glory. But I know not, if it is need-
ful

ful that I should see more of my heart. May his will be done ! Only make me faithful in thy sight, and then do what seemeth thee good.

“ I find a great difference between what I once felt in myself, and what I feel now. Then I felt nothing but love, and peace, and joy in believing. Now, though I feel a measure of all these heavenly tempers, yet I feel other tempers also : and if I do not continually fight against them, I am overcome. The devil tempted me then ; but it was as nothing : for he seemed to have no part in me. But now I find an enemy in my own bosom, that is ready to betray me every moment. I believe, did I not yet expect a full deliverance from sin, I should grow faint and weary. But the hope of that gives me fresh courage to go on. For I cannot doubt but I shall be a living witness of it. O may the Lord hasten the time ! Dear Sir, do not fail to pray, that he may fulfil that great work in

Your daughter in Christ,

M. F.

Sept. 21, 1745.

Dear S I R,

“ I Will let you know, as near as I can, how the Lord hath dealt with me ever since I can remember. When I was five or six years old, I had many serious thoughts about death and judgment. I wanted to be good, but I knew not how. I was often in great trouble for fear I should die and go to hell. If at any time I told a lie, I was like one in hell. I was afraid to be one moment by myself, for I thought the devil would come and tear me in pieces : and so I continued till I was about eight years old. Then I received a measure of the love of God. I loved Jesus Christ, so that I thought I could suffer any thing for his sake. I could not bear to be with other children, but when I was from school, I would go by myself, and pray, and read : I prayed much for death, for I wanted

to

to be with Christ. And I thought if I lived, I should sin and offend God.

"I continued in this temper, till I went to a boarding-school. There I soon trifled away all the grace of God, and could play as well as the rest though not without convictions; but I soon stifled them. As I grew in years, I grew in sin, and delighted more and more in vanity, till I was fourteen or fifteen years old. I had then a severe fit of illness, in which I made many good resolutions, and when I recovered, I began to be more strict in outward duties. I went constantly to church and sacrament, but I had the same heart still, that could not forsake my bosom sins, such as dancing, going to plays, and reading trifling books: the spirit of the Lord often reproved me for these things; but I stifled it by thinking, "such and such a one does so, and they are very good people."

"When Mr. *Whitefield* first preached, I went to hear him, and I found great drawings from God. But till I heard your brother and you, I did not know myself. Then I found I was an unbeliever, and that none could help me but Christ. I cried unto him, and he heard me, and spoke those words with power to my heart, *Go in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee*. I was in great extasy of joy, and love; and cried out, "I shall never sin no more." This continued about two months. But having no acquaintance with any person of experience, I was ignorant of Satan's devices, when he transformed himself into an angel of light. He suggested, "Christ has fulfilled the law for you. You are no longer a subject to ordinances. You are now to *be still* and *wait upon God*." So I did not go to the sacrament for two months. Neither did I kneel down to pray, or use any other ordinance—unless I was moved to it. At first God strove with me: but the devil told me, "It was the spirit of bondage, and I must resist it; for I was free from the law." In a little time he left off striving, and I grew quite easy and satisfied: but

but withal quite dead and cold. I could now hear idle talking without any pain; nay, and my heart began to join with it. Then I awoke, as one out of sleep and looked for the Lord: but he was departed from me. Just then the brethren at *Fetter-Lane* began to preach *stillness*. I cried out, this doctrine is not right; for by yielding to this, I have lost all my peace and love." I was now in great distress. The devil told me, it was impossible to renew me again to repentance: so that I fell into utter despair, and all my friends believed me to be quite distracted.

"I was in this dark state for more than a year. It was at the sacrament the Lord returned to me. The love and joy were the same I felt, when I received remission of sins, only much greater. I was in a new world. My heart was so filled with love to God and to all mankind, that I thought all old things were passed away, and all things in me become new. For near four years I felt no evil in my heart, nor any desire but in submission to the will of God. But all this time I prayed to God, that I might know myself, as I was known of him. And in his time he shewed me, that the evil of my heart was not taken away, but only covered.

"I still retain a sense of the love of God to me, and a power to love him at all times. Other desires are often ready to creep in; but through the Lord strengthening me, I am more than conqueror. I find a thirst in my soul, which nothing short of the fulness of God can satisfy. O may the Lord hasten that time, when my whole soul shall be filled with God!"

Leeds, September 30, 1745.

Rev. S I R,

"THE first sight of you at *Wakefield* sunk my proud spirits: and I believe had I not gone up stairs, to harden my heart against the truth,

truth, what you said would have made a deeper impression upon me. I often afterwards thought, "These things are true: but why does nobody understand them, but my husband and *Frank Scot*? Then the rich clave to me, and advised me to use my husband ill, and see if that would not drive him from this way. And sometimes I used fair means. But this was dangerous: for then he could speak freely to me, and I found it stole upon me. But I took great care, he should not perceive it, least he should follow on, and make me like himself. Then I went to the Vicar, who said, my husband was mad, and there were no such things as he pretended to. Hereby my heart was hardened more and more till I resolved to go away and leave him. So I told him; which made him weep much, and strive to shew me the wickedness of my resolution. However by the advice of my old friend the Vicar, I got over that doubt, took about sixty pounds of my husband's money, and fixed the time of my privately setting out for *London*. But God prevented me; for I found myself with child: so that design was at an end.

"Soon after, as few in *Wakefield* would employ my husband, he was obliged to remove to *Leeds*. What I now feared was, that they of the Society would come and talk to me. But I soon forced them to stay away, I was so sharp and abusive to any that came. Yet my heart began to soften, and when I spoke things of them which I thought were false, I was afterwards checked in my own mind. I began to like that my husband should overcome when talking to gainfayers. I went more to church and sacrament: and the time you was here before, when my husband said, you should come and see me, it pleased me much, though I hid it from him, and when he said, you were gone, it grieved me sore. Then being uneasy, I went to Mr. M——d. He said, "You were all wrong. And that if I went to church and sacrament, and did as I would be done by, all would be well. So my wound was healed and I was easy.

K

"On

" On *Sunday, June 22.* About midnight, I was taken ill of a fever, but thought nothing of death till *Thursday*, when the Doctor and Apothecary declared my danger, which with my husband's home speeches, sunk my spirits. And I promised God, how good I would be, if he would spare me : but yet could not abide the *Methodists*. On *Friday*, while my husband was talking with the Apothecary, of the wickedness of flattering people, with the hopes of life, till they died and dropped into hell : my mother brought in the Vicar. He asked the Apothecary, how I did? Who said, I was very ill ; but my husband made me worse, by talking of my dying out of Christ, and being damned. The Vicar flew vehemently at my husband, and said many warm things. My husband answered,

" Speak agreeably to scripture, and the doctrine of our church, or I will not hear you." " What, said he, are you inspired ?" " Are not you, Sir," said my husband ? To the articles of the church. " Before the grace of God, and the inspiration of his Holy Spirit, can no good work be done." He made no answer, but left the room in haste.

On *Saturday*, my mother brought the Reverend Mr. S. who said, " I suppose you are one of those perfection-men ?" " Sir, said my husband, " Are not you ? Do you not pray, every *Sunday*, that you may perfectly love God ?" He was going away, but my mother begged him to see me, and asked, if there was any such thing as knowing one's sins forgiven ? He said, some might ; but I might be saved without. My husband said, " Sir, the homilies speak otherwise," and added a few words from them. Mr. S. answered, " You want your head breaking," which surprized me much. However he went to prayers, but in such a flutter, he forgot I was a woman, and prayed for a man, and then went away.

" I was sometimes more, sometimes less serious, till *Monday* afternoon, when an old acquaintance from *Wakefield*, came to see me, a poor, drunken, idle, talking man. When he was gone my husband

band said, he would suffer no more of such as him to come near me. I flew into a great rage, on which he went into another room, and poured out his soul before God for me. The Lord hearkened, and heard, and sent his Holy Spirit who gave me to think, "What I had been doing all my life; and to resolve to give up all for Christ." Immediately I felt a strong love to God, and a steadfast hope, that if I cried to him, I should have the knowledge of salvation, by the remission of my sins. When my husband came into the room, I called him to me, and told him, how I was. He could hardly believe it, and to try me, asked, if *John Nelson* should come and pray with me? I said, yes, or any of the children of God. Then he took courage, and we wept on each other's neck. When *John Nelson* came, he strengthened me much. He came a second time between nine and ten. After he went, my husband and sister *Fenton* prayed with me till they were quite spent: but I thought, if they were, I must not. So I looked to God for strength, and he gave it, and I prayed without ceasing, till that text came fresh into my mind, *There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons, that need no repentance.* I was then I know not how. I thought Christ stood in the front, and all the angels behind, and on each side of him, rejoicing over me. But still I had not a clear sight, that my sins were forgiven. However I now ventured to take a little sleep. I slept from two till five. When I awaked, I began to cry out for help: I thought his chariots were long a coming. I continued in prayer, till my husband, who sat by me, perceived my prayers were swallowed up in praise. Indeed I was lost in Christ. I knew not where I was. My burthen was quite gone, and I found my nature quite changed, and my affections carried away to heaven. Then I broke out into such expressions as I cannot utter now, praising God for what he had done for my soul. My fever also was gone. As soon as I was as-

affured of his love, I was healed both in body and soul; which I told the doctor and apothecary in the morning, who stood like men in amaze, and confest, they had never seen such a thing before. A deal of people came all that week: on *Wednesday* in particular I was talking to them without any time for breakfast or dinner, from six in the morning to six at night. Dear Sir, pray for me, that God may keep me, who am

Your unworthy Sister,

Jane Bate.

Having now deliver'd my own soul, on *Monday* 4. I left *Newcastle*. Before nine we met several expressees sent to countermand the march of the army into *Scotland*, and to inform them, That the rebels had pass'd the *Tweed*, and were marching southward. *Tuesday* 5. in the evening I came to *Leeds*, and found the town full of bonfires, and people shouting, firing of guns, cursing and swearing, as the *English* manner of keeping holy-days is. I immediately sent word to some of the magistrates, of what I had heard on the road. This ran thro' the town, as it were, in an instant. And I hope it was a token for good: the hurry in the streets was quashed at once: some of the bonfires indeed remained. But scarce any one was to be seen about them, but a few children warming their hands.

Thursday 7. I rode to *Stably-hall* in *Cheshire*, after many interruptions in the way, by those poor tools of watchmen, who stood with great solemnity, at the end of almost every village. I preached there on *Mark* i. 15. and rode on to *Bradbury Green*.

Friday 8. Understanding that a neighbouring gentleman, Dr. C. had affirmed to many, "that Mr. *Wesley* was now with the Pretender near *Edinburg*," I wrote him a few lines: it may be,
he

he will have a little more regard to truth, or shame for the time to come.

About noon I preached near *Maxfield*: in the evening at the *Black-house*. *Saturday 9*, in the afternoon we came to *Penbridge*, and light on a poor, drunken, cursing, swearing landlord, who seem'd scarce to think, whether there was either God or devil. But I spoke very little, when his countenance changed, and he was so full of his thanks and blessings, that I could hardly make an end of my sentence. May salvation come to his house also !

It was exceeding dark when we rode thro' *Bilston*. However we did not stick fast, till we came to *Wednesbury* town-end. Several coming with candles, I got out of the quagmire, and leaving them to disengage my horse, walk'd to *Francis Ward's*, and preached, on *Fear not ye ; for I know ye seek him that was crucified*.

Sunday 10. I preached at five and at eight in *Wensbury* (about one at *Tipton-Green*) and at four in the afternoon, to well nigh the whole town, high and low, as at the beginning.

Monday 11. I preached at *Birmingham*; the next morning I set out, and on *Wednesday 13*. reached *London*.

Monday 18. I spent a little time with *B. Armsted*; weak in body, but strong in faith. She had been calmly waiting for God, till her hands and feet grew cold, and she was in all appearance at the point of death. Then Satan returned with all his force, and covered her with thick darkness. This threw her into such a vehement wrestling with God, as brought back her fever and her strength : so that in all probability, the old murderer saved her life, by his furious attempt to destroy her soul.

Friday 22. The alarm daily increasing, concerning the *Rebels* on one hand, and the *French* on the other, we perceived the wisdom and goodness of him, who hath his way in the whirl-wind. The generality of people were a little inclined to

think. And many began to own the hand of God.

Monday 25. I retired to *Newington*, in order to finish the *Farther Appeal*: the state of the publick affairs loudly demanding, that whatever was done should be done quickly.

Thursday 28. I wrote *A Word to a Drunkard*.

Friday 29. I spent an hour with Mr. La——, who had been a Deist for many years, till it pleased God by the *Earnest Appeal*, to bring him to a better mind.

Monday, December 2. The alarms still increased in *London*, on account of the nearer approach of the rebels. But how easy are all these things to them who can commit both soul and body to a merciful and faithful Creator !

About this time I receiv'd some farther accounts from the army: the substance of which was as follows.

Oct. 10, 1745.

Rev. S I R,

“ I Shall acquaint you with the Lord's dealings with us since *April* last. We marched from *Ghent* to *Allest* on the 14th, where I met with two or three of our brethren in the fields, and we sung and prayed together, and were comforted. On the 15th, I met a small company about three miles from the town, and the Lord filled our hearts with love and peace. On the 17th, we marched to camp near *Brussels*. On the 18th, I met a small congregation on the side of a hill, and I spoke from those words, *Let us go forth therefore to him without the camp, bearing his reproach*. On the 28th I spoke from those words of *Isaiah*, *thus saith the Lord concerning the house of Jacob, Jacob shall not now be ashamed, neither shall his face now wax pale*. On the 19th, we marched close to the enemy, and when I saw them in their camp, my bowels moved toward them, in love and pity for their souls. We lay on our arms all night. In the morning,

April

April 30, the cannon began to play, at half an hour after four : and the Lord took away all fear from me, so that I went into the field with joy. The balls flew on either hand, and men fell in abundance ; but nothing touched me till about two o'clock. Then I received a ball through my left arm, and rejoiced so much the more. Soon after I received another into my right, which obliged me to quit the field. But I scarce knew, whether I was on earth or in heaven. It was one of the sweetest days I ever enjoyed."

W. C.

Leare near Antwerp.

Oct. 21, 1745.

Rev. S I R,

" **S**INCE I wrote to you last, I have gone through great trials. It was not the least, that I have lost my dear brother *Clements* for a season, being shot through both the arms. To try me farther, *C. Evans* and *Bishop* were both killed in the battle, as was *C. Greenwood* soon after. Two more who did speak boldly in the name of Jesus, are fallen into the world again. So I am left alone. But I know it is for my good. Seeing iniquity so much abound, and the love of many wax cold, adds wings to my devotion, and my faith grows daily as a plant by the water-side.

" *April 30.* The Lord was pleased to try our little flock, and to show them his mighty power. Some days before one of them standing at his tent door, broke out into raptures of joy, knowing his departure was at hand, and was so filled with the love of God, that he danced before his comrades. In the battle, before he died, he openly declared, "I am going to rest from my labours in the bosom of Jesus." I believe nothing like this was ever heard of before, in the midst of so wicked an army as ours. Some were crying out in their wounds,

wounds, "I am going to my beloved, others, "Come Lord Jesus, come quickly:" and many that were not wounded, crying to their Lord, to take them to himself. There was such boldness in the battle among this little, despised flock, that it made the officers, as well as common soldiers, amazed. And they acknowledge it to this day. As to my own part, I stood the fire of the enemy for above seven hours. Then my horse was shot under me, and I was exposed both to the enemy and our own horse. But that did not discourage me at all; for I knew the God of *Jacob* was with me. I had a long way to go, the balls flying on every side; and thousands lay bleeding, groaning, dying and dead on each hand. Surely I was as in the fiery furnace, but it never singed one hair of my head. The hotter it grew, the more strength was given me. I was full of joy and love, as much as I could well bear. Going on, I met one of our brethren, with a little dish in his hand, seeking for water. He smiled, and said, he had got a fore wound in his leg: I asked "Have you gotten Christ in your heart?" He answered, "I have, and I have had him all the day. Blessed be God that I ever saw your face." Lord, what am I, that I should be counted worthy to set my hand to the gospel-plough? Lord, humble me, and lay me in the dust!"

J. H.

Sunday 7. I took my leave of poor *J. C.* just embarking for *Germany*. I admire the justice of God! He who would never long be advised by any who treated him as a reasonable creature, is at length fallen among those who will make him as passive a tool, as ever moved upon wire.

Wednesday 18. Being the day of the national fast, we met at four in the morning. I preached on *Joel ii. 12. &c.* At nine our service in *West-Street* began. At five I preached at the *Foundery* again,

again, on *The Lord sitteth above the water-floods*. Abundance of people were at *West-Street chapel*, and at the *Foundery* both morning and evening : as also (we understood) at every place of publick worship, throughout *London* and *Westminster*. And such a solemnity and seriousness every where appeared as had not lately been seen in *England*.

We had within a short time given away some thousands of little tracts among the common people. And it pleased God hereby to provoke others to jealousy. Infomuch that the Lord Mayor had ordered a large quantity of papers, dissuading from cursing and swearing, to be printed, and distributed to the train-bands. And this day, an earnest exhortation to serious repentance, was given at every church door in or near *London*, to every person who came out, and one left at the house of every householder who was absent from church. I doubt not but God gave a blessing therewith. And perhaps then the sentence of desolation was recalled.

It was on this very day, that the Duke's army was so remarkably preserved, in the midst of the ambuscades at *Clifton-Moor*. The rebels fired many vollies upon the king's troops, from the hedges and walls, behind which they lay. And yet, from first to last, only ten or twelve men fell, the shot flying over their heads.

Wednesday 25. I talked with a young man, who seemed to be under strong convictions. But I fear, only seemed. I am surprized, that in so many years, this is the first hypocrite of the kind I have met with : the first, who appeared to have deliberately put on the mask of religion, purely to serve a secular end.

Friday 27. Having received a long letter from Mr. *Hall*, earnestly pressing my brother and me to renounce the Church of *England* (for not complying with which advice he soon renounced us) I wrote to him as follows,

Dear

Dear Brother,

NOW you act the part of a friend. It has been long our desire, that you would speak freely. And we will do the same. What we know not yet, may God reveal to us!

You think, first, that we undertake to *defend* some things, which are not *defensible* by the *word of God*. You instance in three: on each of which we will explain ourselves as clearly as we can.

1. "That the *Validity* of our *ministry* depends on a succession supposed to be from the Apostles, and a commission derived from the Pope of Rome, and his *successors* or *dependents*."

We believe, it would not be right for us to administer, either baptism or the Lord's Supper, unless we had a commission so to do from those bishops, whom we apprehend to be in a succession from the Apostles. And yet we allow, these bishops are the successors of those, who are dependent on the Bishop of Rome.

But we would be glad to know, on what reasons you believe this, to be inconsistent with the word of God.

2. "That there is an *outward priesthood*, and consequently an *outward sacrifice*, ordained and offered by the Bishop of Rome, and his *successors* or *dependents*, in the Church of England, as *Vicars* and *Vicegerents* of Christ."

We believe there is and always was, in every christian church (whether dependent on the bishop of Rome or not) an *outward priesthood* ordained by Jesus Christ, and an *outward sacrifice* offered therein, by men authorized to act as *ambassadors of Christ*, and *stewards of the mysteries of God*.

On what grounds do you believe, that Christ has abolished that *priesthood* or *sacrifice*?

3. "That this *papal hierarchy* and *prelacy* which still continues in the church of England, is of *Apöstolical*

Apostolical institution; and authorized thereby; though not by the *written word*."

We believe that the threefold order of ministers (which you seem to mean by *papal hierarchy* and *prelacy*) is not only authorized by its apostolical institution, but also by the written word.

Yet we are willing to hear and weigh whatever reasons induce you to believe to the contrary.

You think, secondly, "That we ourselves give up some things as indefensible, which are defended by the same law and authority that establishes the things abovementioned: such as are many of the laws, customs and practices of the ecclesiastical courts."

We allow, 1. That those laws, customs and practices are really indefensible:

2. That there are acts of parliament, in defence of them: and also of the threefold order.

But will you shew us, How it follows, either, 1. that those things and these stand or fall together? Or 2. that we cannot sincerely plead for the one, though we give up the other?

Do you not here, quite overlook one circumstance, which might be a key to our whole behaviour? Namely, that we no more look upon these filthy abuses which adhere to our church, as part of the building; than we look upon any filth which may adhere to the walls of *Westminster Abbey*, as a part of that structure.

You think, Thirdly, "That there are other things which we defend and practise, in open contradiction to the orders of the Church of *England*. And this you judge to be a just exception against the sincerity of our professions to adhere to it."

Compare what we profess with what we practise, and you will possibly be of another judgment.

We profess, 1. That we will obey all the laws of that church (such we allow the rubrics to be, but not the customs of the ecclesiastical

fiastical courts) so far as we can with a safe conscience.

2. That we will obey, with the same restriction, the bishops, as executors of those laws. But their bare will, distinct from those laws, we do not profess to obey at all.

Now point out, what is there in our practice, which is an open contradiction to these professions?

Is *field-preaching*? Not at all. It is contrary to no law which we profess to obey.

The allowing *Lay-Preachers*? We are not clear, that this is contrary to any *such law*. But if it is, this is one of the exempt cases, one wherein we cannot obey with a safe conscience. Therefore (be it right or wrong on other accounts) it is however no just exception against our sincerity.

The rules and directions given to our Societies? Which, you say, is a discipline utterly forbidden by the bishops.

When and where did any bishop forbid this? And if any did, by what law? We know not either the man, who ever did forbid or the law by which he could forbid it.

The "allowing persons (for we require none to communicate at the chapel? In contradiction (you think) to *all those rubricks* which require all to attend always, on their own parish church and pastor, and to receive only at his table?"

Which rubricks are those? We cannot find them. And till these are produced, all that is so frequently said of parochial unity, &c. is merely *gratis dictum*. Consequently, neither is this any just exception against the sincerity of any of our professions.

December 30, 1745.

J. W.

Wednesday

Wednesday, January the 1st, 1746.

I preached at four in the morning, on *I am the Almighty God: walk before me and be thou perfect.* We dined with poor *John W.* now thoroughly poisoned by *Robert Barclay's Apology*, which he was sure would do him no hurt, till all his love to his brethren were swallowed up, in dotage about questions and strife of words.

Wednesday 8. I waited on Mr. B—— Rector of —— who had sent to me, as soon as he had read the *Farther Appeal*, he said, Sir, “all this is sad truth. But what can we do to help it?” I went afterwards to another clergyman, who had likewise sent and desired to speak with me. How is this? I thought the publication of this tract, would have enraged the world above measure. And on the contrary, it seems nothing ever was published, which softened them so much!

Monday 13. I had a visit from Mr. S. an honest, zealous anabaptist-teacher. Finding he would dispute, I let him dispute, and held him to the point till between eleven and twelve o'clock. By that time he was willing to take breath. Perhaps he may be less fond of dispute for the time to come.

Monday 20. I set out for *Bristol*. On the road I read over Lord *King's* account of the primitive church. In spite of the vehement prejudice of my education, I was ready to believe, that this was a fair and impartial draught. But if so, it would follow, that bishops and presbyters are (essentially) of one order: and that originally every christian congregation was a church independent on all others!

Tuesday 21. I read bishop *Butler's* discourse on analogy, a strong and well wrote treatise: but I am afraid, far too deep for their understanding, to whom it is primarily addressed.

Monday, February 3. and the following days, I visited several of the country societies. *Monday 10.* I preached at *Poulton*. On *Thursday* noon

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at *Shipton-Mallard* and at *Oak-hill* in the evening. The next morning I walk'd (it being scarce possible to ride, because of the frost) to *Coleford*. Sunday 16. I took my leave of *Bristol* and *Kingswood*, and Monday 17. set out for *Newcastle*.

I preached near *Thornbury* about noon, and in the evening at *Wall-bridge* near *Stroud*. Tuesday 18. we pushed on thro' thick and thin, and with much difficulty got to *Stanley*. Thence, after an hour's stop, we hastened on. The brooks were so swoln with the late rains, that the common roads were impassable. But our guide, knowing the country, carried us round about through the fields, so that we escaped the dangerous waters, and soon after sun-set, came (wet and dirty enough) to *Evesham*.

Wednesday 19. we rode to *Birmingham* where many of our brethren from several parts met us in the evening. Thursday 20, we set out as soon as it was light. Before we came to *Aldridge* heath, the rain changed into snow, which the northerly wind drove full in our faces, and crusted us over from head to foot, in less than an hour's time. We inquired of one who lived at the entrance of the moors, which was our best way to *Stafford*? "Sir, said he, 'tis a thousand pound to a penny, you don't come there to-day. Why, 'tis four long miles to the far side of this common, and in a clear day, I am not sure to go right a-cross it. And now all the roads are cover'd with snow, and it snows so, that you can't see before you." However we went on and, I believe did not go ten yards out of the way, till we came into *Stafford*.

In the evening we reached *Roger Mofs's* house. I preached on *Romans* iii. 22. and joined a few together as a society. Friday 21. We breakfasted at *Bradbury-green*: whence we rode on to *Marsden*, and the next day, Saturday 22. to *Leeds*. I preached at five. As we went home a great mob follow'd, and threw whatever came to hand. I was struck several times, once or twice in the face, but not hurt at all. I walk'd on to the Recorder's,

corder's, and told him the case. He promised to prevent the like for the time to come.

Sunday 23. I preached at eight without any interruption : in *Birstal* at one, and again at five.

Monday 24. I preached at *Skircoat-Green*, near *Halifax*, to a whole company of Quakers. The good-man of the house, about fourscore years old, had formerly been a speaker among them. But from fear of man, he desisted, and so quenched the spirit, that he was in darkness for near forty years : till hearing *John Nelson* declare the love of God in Christ, light again sprung up in his soul.

In the evening I preached to a quiet congregation at *Bradford*. *Tuesday 25.* About nine I began at *Kighley*. Thence, (finding the snow was so deep, I could not go through the Vales,) I went the strait way and came to *Newcastle*, *Wednesday 26.*

Friday 28. I took my leave of *Katy Parks*, calmly waiting till her change should come. A day or two after she had her desire, sweetly giving up her soul to God.

Of the same spirit was the writer of the following letter.

February 22, 1746.

Dear S I R,

“ **Y**OU may remember to have seen me at *Oxford* once. Since then, by walking somewhat different from the ways of the world, I have incur'd the displeasure of the world. And I have gone through many trials. My friends and nearest relations have done their utmost, to separate me from God and his children. But blessed be our dear Lord, all their attempts have hitherto been in vain. Of late they have seem'd resolv'd on other measures ; namely, to separate me from themselves. But notwithstanding all their threats, I hope by the power of God, to remain unshaken

to the end. I would willingly suffer the loss of all things, rather than deny the Lord that bought me. And I am persuaded, that neither life nor death shall ever separate me from his love.

“ The sum of all my desires and hopes in this world, for many years has been this, to be regularly sent for as an ambassador of Christ. I long to spend and be spent for the best of masters. But I doubt my relations have disappointed me of this : for *Oxford* knows my place no more.

“ My uncle sees, that nobody can do his business better, or perhaps so well as myself. But he can't bear a *Methodist* in his house. He wants to have me of his own taste. But as I have been washed, I cannot, I dare not. I will not, by the grace of God, turn to my former wallowing in the mire.

“ Dear Sir, you see my case. There is nothing I so much long for, as to be employ'd in the Lord's vineyard, though utterly unworthy : I should be glad to be advised and directed by you, what to do ! I will do whatsoever you judge most proper, toward the promoting our Saviour's interest. I am happy in his love, and

Your most obedient Servant,

John Bosworth.

But there was no need for his taking thought for the morrow. For in a few weeks, God took him to himself.

Saturday, March 1. I visited the sick, who increased daily in every quarter of the town. It is supposed that two thousand of the soldiers only, have died since their incampment : the fever or flux sweeping them away by troops, in spite of all the Physicians could do.

Wednesday 5. I preached at *Wickham* at noon : in the evening at *Spen* : the next day at *Burnupfield*, and on *Saturday 8.* in the square at *Placay*. A vehement storm began in the middle of the sermon,

mon, which was driven full upon us by the north-east wind. But the congregation regarded it not.

Sunday, 9. was a day of solemn joy. Yet in the afternoon I felt a great damp, occasioned by my neglecting to speak plainly, to some who were deceiving their own souls. I do not wonder at the last words of *St. Augustine* and *Archbishop Usher*, "Lord forgive me my sins of omission."

I preached on *Monday* at *Horfeley*, on *Tuesday*, at *Biddick*, and on *Wednesday 12.* at *Sunderland*, where I endeavour'd to bring the little Society into some kind of order. In the afternoon, being at *Mrs. Fenwick's*, and seeing a child there often or twelve years old, I ask'd, "does your daughter know Christ? Or know, she has need of him? she replied with much concern, "I fear not: nothing has ever effected her at all." Immediately that word came into my mind, *Before they call I will answer.* I was going to say, "Come let us call upon God, to shew her she has need of a Saviour;" but before the words were pronounced, the child turn'd away her face, and began crying as if she would break her heart. I could get no word from her but "My sins, my sins!" We then besought God, to carry on his own work.

Monday 17. I took my leave of *Newcastle*, and set out with *Mr. Downes* and *Mr. Shepherd*. But when we came to *Smeton*, *Mr. Downes* was so ill, that he could go no further. When *Mr. Shepherd* and I left *Smeton*, my horse was so exceeding lame, that I was afraid I must have lain by too. We could not discern what it was that was amiss; and yet he would scarce set his foot to the ground. By riding thus seven miles, I was thoroughly tired, and my head ached more than it had done for some months. (What I here aver, is the naked fact: let every man account for it as he sees good.) I then thought "Cannot God heal either man or beast, by any means, or without any?" Immediately my weariness and head-ach ceased, and my horse's lameness in the same instant. Nor

did he halt any more either that day or the next. A very odd accident this also !

Tuesday 18. I rode to *Pontefract*: on *Wednesday* to *Epworth*, and on *Thursday*, by *Barley-hall* to *Sheffield*. I was glad of having an opportunity here, of talking with a child I had heard of. She was convinced of sin some weeks before by the words of her eldest brother (about eight years of age) dying as an hundred years old, in the full triumph of faith. I ask'd her abruptly, "Do you love God?" "She said, "Yes, I do love him with all my heart." I said, "Why do you love him?" She answer'd, "Because he has saved me." I ask'd, "How has he saved you?" She replied, "He has taken away my sins." I said, "How do you know that?" She answer'd, "He told me himself on *Saturday*, thy sins are forgiven thee. And I believe him. And I pray to him, without a book. I was afraid to die. But now I am not afraid to die. For if I die, I shall go to him."

Friday 21. I came to *Nottingham*, I had long doubted what it was, which hindered the work of God here. But upon inquiry the case was plain. So many of the society were either triflers or disorderly walkers, that the blessing of God could not rest upon them. So I made short work, cutting off all such at a stroke, and leaving only that little handful, who (as far as could be judged) were really in earnest to save their souls.

Saturday 22. I came to *Wensbury*. The Antinomian-Teachers had labour'd hard to destroy this poor people. *Sunday 23.* I talk'd an hour with the chief of them, *Stephen Timmins*. I was in doubt whether pride had not made him mad. An uncommon wildness and fierceness in his air, his words, and the whole manner of his behaviour, almost induced me to think, God had for a season given him up into the hands of Satan.

In the evening I preached at *Birmingham*.
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Here another of their pillars *J——— W———* came to me, and looking over his shoulder, said, "Don't think I want to be in your society; but if you *are free* to speak to me you may." I will set down the conversation, dreadful as it was, in the very manner wherein it passed: that every serious person may see the true picture of Antinomianism full-grown: and may know what these men mean by their favourite phrase, of being "Perfect in Christ, not in themselves."

"Do you believe you have nothing to do with the law of God?" I have not. I am not under the law. I live by faith. "Have you, as living by faith, a right to every thing in the world?" I have. All is mine, since Christ is mine. "May you then take any thing you will any where? Suppose, out of a shop, without the consent or knowledge of the owner?" I may, if I want it. For it is mine. Only I will not give offence. "Have you also a right to all the women in the world?" Yes, if they consent. "And is not that a sin?" Yes, to him that thinks it is a sin. But not to those whose *hearts are free*. The same thing that wretch *Roger Ball*, affirm'd in *Dublin*. Surely these are the first-born children of Satan!

Tuesday 25. I preached at *Evesham*: *Wednesday 26.* about ten at *Stanley*; in the afternoon, at the *Friers in Gloucester*. I preached at *Wall-bridge*, near *Stroud* in the evening, and on *Thursday 27.* rode to *Bristol*.

Thursday, April 3. I spent an agreeable hour with our old fellow-labourer, Mr. *Humphry's*. I found him open and friendly, but rigorously tenacious of the unconditional decrees. O that opinions should separate chief friends! This is bigotry all over.

Monday 7. I preached at *Kingwood*, on *Isaiah lx.* the seventeenth and following verses, and laid the first stone of the new house there. In the evening I rode (with Mr. *Shepherd*) to *Bath*, and *Tuesday* the 8th to *Newbury*. Here we met with several of
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the little society in *Blewbury*, some of whom were truly alive unto God. What a proof is this, that God sends by whom he will send? Who hath begotten us these? *David Jeffries!*

Wednesday 9. In the evening I preached at *Brentford*. Many were got together there who threaten'd great things. I went and took one or two of their chiefs by the hand, and desired them to come in. They did so, and were calm and silent. It was a season of great refreshment. The next morning we rode to *London*.

In the afternoon I buried the body of *Ann Clowney*, a poor woman whom many could never think to be a believer, because she was a fool (one of exceeding weak understanding, tho' not directly a natural.) But in the time of sickness and pain, none could deny the work of God. Neither did she die as a fool dieth.

Tuesday 22. I rode with Mr. *Piers* to see one who called himself a Prophet. We were with him about an hour. But I could not at all think, that he was sent of God. 1. Because he appeared to be full of himself, vain, heady, and opinionated. 2. Because he spoke with extreme bitterness both of the king, and of all the bishops, and all the clergy. 3. Because he aimed at talking *Latin*, but could not; plainly shewing, he understood not his own calling.

Wednesday 23. At the earnest request of a friend, I visited *Matthew Henderson*, condemn'd for murdering his mistress. A real, deep work of God seemed to be already begun in his soul. Perhaps by driving him too fast, Satan has driven him to God; to that repentance, which shall never be repented of.

About this time I received a letter from *John Nelson* (whom I had left at *Birmingham*.) Part of which was as follows.

Birstal, April 22, 1746.

" **A**FTER I left *Wednesbury*, I stayed two nights at *Nottingham*, and had large congregations,

gregations. But while I was meeting the Society the second night, there came a mob, raging as if they would pull the house to the ground. As soon as we had done meeting, the Constable came and seized me, and said, I must go before the Mayor for making a riot. So he took me by the arm and led me through the streets, the mob accompanying us with curses and huzza's. God gave me as we went, to speak very plain to the Constable, and to all that were near me ; till one cried out, " Don't carry him to the Mayor, for he is a friend to the *Methodists* ; but to Alderman ——— " Upon this, he turn'd, and led me to the Alderman's. When we were brought in he said, " Sir, I have brought you another *Methodist*-Preacher." He ask'd my name, and then said, " I wonder you can't stay at home : you see the mob won't suffer you to preach in this town." I said, " I did not know this town was govern'd by the mob. Most towns are governed by the Magistrates." He said, " What, do you expect us to take your parts, when you take the people from their work ?" I said, " Sir, you are wrong inform'd. We preach at five in the morning, and seven at night. And these are the hours when most people are in their beds in the morning, and at night, either at play or at the Ale-house." Then he said, " I believe you are the cause of all the evil that is fallen upon the nation." I said, what reason have you to believe so ? Can you prove that one *Methodist* in *England* did assist the rebels, with either men, money, or arms ?" He answered, " No. But it has been observ'd, that there has been always such a people, before any great evil fell on the land." I said, " It hath been as you say. But that people was not the cause of the evil, no more than we are at this time. But these mobbers and swearers, and drunkards, and whoremongers, and extortioners, and lovers of pleasure, more than lovers of God ; these are the cause why God afflicteth both man and beast. Not we : We are sent to persuade
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them to break off their sins by repentance, that the heavy judgments of God may not consume such a people. And if there be not a general reformation, God will be avenged of such a nation as this." Then he said, "Do not preach here : " But God opened my mouth, and I did not cease to set life and death before him. The Constable began to be uneasy, and said, "What must we do with him ?" "Well, he said, I understand he is for leaving the town to-morrow ; I think you must take him to your house." But he desir'd to be excus'd. Then the Justice said, "You may go where you came from." When I had gone a little way through the mob, he came to the door, and call'd, "Mr. *Nelson*, stop a little." Then he order'd the Constable to conduct me to the house he fetch'd me from, and take care that the mob did not hurt me." This seem'd to be a great mortification to him. But he was oblig'd to do it. So he brought me to our brethren again. And left us to give thanks to God for all his mercies."

Sunday, May 4. We left *London* in the evening, and on *Tuesday* came to *Bristol*.

Monday 12. I dined with a gentleman who is fully persuad'd, that there is no such thing as either virtue or happiness upon earth : "Having found, he said, by repeated experiments, that notwithstanding a thousand fair appearances, every man living was at the bottom wholly selfish, and truly miserable." I should not wonder, if every rational deist, were of the same mind. Nay, they must, if consistent with themselves. For it is sure all men are both miserable and selfish, whatever show they may make, who have not faith ; even that evidence of things not seen, the very being whereof they question.

Thursday 15. I preached at *Bath*, and setting out at three the next morning, in the evening came to *Blewbury*.

In riding, I read Dr. *H's* "Lectures on the first chapters of *St. Matthew*." Are they not more strange

strange than true ? Here are the first elements of the gospel of the mysticks ! But is this the gospel of Christ ?

I preached in the evening, on *Rom. i. 15.* *I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ : for it is the power of GOD unto salvation, to every one that believeth.* And setting out early in the morning, *Saturday 17.* in the evening came to *London.*

Monday 19. I saw an amazing instance of distress. A sensible young woman (no Methodist) constantly attending her Church, had all her life long believed herself to be a right, good christian. And in this persuasion she continued during a violent fever, till the Physician told her brother, "She must die : " On which she cried out, " So my brother and you are going to heaven, and I am going to hell." Her brother said, " From that hour she was in the agony of despair, saying, she was in hell already, she felt the flames ; the Devil had her soul and body, and was now tearing her in pieces. If she swallowed any thing, she cried out, she was swallowing fire and brimstone. And for twelve days she took nothing at all ; for above twenty, nothing but water. She had no sleep, day or night, but lay cursing and blaspheming, tearing her cloaths, and whatever she could reach, in pieces." The sins which lay heaviest upon her, were, the having no knowledge or love of God ; the not believing in Christ, and yet having persuaded herself, and others, that she was a good Christian." She was quieter from the time we prayed with her first, and left off cursing and blaspheming. In a few days after she began to drink a little tea, tho' still remaining in settled despair.

Friday 23. I made over the houses in *Bristol* and *Kingswood*, and the next week, that at *Newcastle*, to seven Trustees, reserving only to my brother and myself, the liberty of preaching and lodging there.

Friday 30. I light upon a poor, pretty, fluttering thing, lately come from *Ireland*, and going to
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be a finger at the play-house. She went in the evening to the Chapel, and thence to the watch-night, and *was almost persuaded to be a Christian*. Her convictions continued strong for a few days : but then her old acquaintancē found her, and we saw her no more.

Saturday, June 7. I ask'd Richard Longman and his wife, How they recovered from their *German delusion* ? She said, "None could ever have delivered us from them but themselves, for there is no fence against their soft words. But one or two of their sermons opened our eyes : particularly one, wherein the preacher was describing, how the Virgin "fed the dear little Lamb with pap ; and how when he grew bigger, she might send him of an errand, perhaps for a porringer of milk, which if he happen'd to let fall, he might work a miracle to mend the porringer." They were not then able to digest these things. —But now they never turn their stomach at all.

In the afternoon, an old friend (now with the *Moravians*) laboured much to convince me, that I could not continue in the Church of *England*, because I could not *implicitly submit* to her determinations : "For this, he said, was essentially necessary to the continuing in any Church." Not to the continuing in any, but that of *the brethren* : if it were, I could be a member of no Church under heaven. For I must still insist on the right of private judgment. I dare call no man Rabbi. I cannot yield either implicit faith, or obedience, to any man or number of men under heaven.

Friday 13. I was desired to visit a poor sinner, who had just made his fortune on board a privateer, and was preparing to enjoy it, when he was summon'd of God, to arise and go hence. I found God had shewn him terrible things, and had afterward cut the work short in his soul. For he already knew in whom he had believed, and a few days after slept in peace.

Monday

Monday 16. I had an hours conversation with Mr. *Simpson* (not the same with him above-mentioned) a man of a clear head and a loving heart. But O! the abyfs of the providence of God! I faw him fometime after in a fever. Before this intermitted, the bark was pour'd in upon him. He was cur'd of his fever, and depriv'd of his fenses; at leaft, fo his relations fay. And in fact he has been confined ever fince. Is it not the *Methodifts* who have driven this man alfo diftracted?

Saturday 28. I inquir'd more particularly of Mrs. N. concerning her little fon. She faid, "He appear'd to have a continual fear of God, and an awful fense of his prefence: that he frequently went to prayers by himfelf, and prayed for his father, and many others by name: that he had an exceeding great tendernefs of confcience, being fenfible of the leaft fin, and crying and refufing to be comforted, when he thought he had in any thing difpleafed God: that a few days fince, he broke out into prayer aloud, and then faid, "Mamma, I fhall go to heaven foon, and be with the little angels. And you will go there too, and my pappa, but you will not go fo foon:" that the day before he went to a little girl in the houfe and faid, *Polly*, you and I muft go to prayers. Don't mind your doll. Kneel down now. I muft go to prayers, God bids me." When the Holy Ghoft teaches, is there any delay in learning? This child was then juft three years old! a year or two after he died in peace.

Wednesday, July 2. I received the following letter from that amiable man, who is now with God.

Northampton, July 29, 1745.

Rev. and dear S I R,

"I Am truly glad, that the long letter I laft sent you was agreeable to you. I blefs God that

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my prejudices against the writers of the Establishment were so early removed and conquered. And I greatly rejoice when I see in those, whom upon other accounts, I must highly esteem as the excellent of the earth, that their prejudices against their brethren of any denomination are likewise subsided, and that we are coming nearer to the harmony in which I hope we shall ever be one in *Christ Jesus*——

“I have always esteemed it to be the truest act of friendship, to use our mutual endeavours to render the characters of each other as blameless, and as valuable as possible. And I have never felt a more affectionate sense of my obligations, than when those worthy persons who have honoured me with their affection and correspondent, have freely told me what they thought amiss, in my temper and conduct. This therefore, dear Sir, is an office which you might reasonably expect from me, if I had for some time enjoyed an intimate knowledge of you. But it has always been a maxim with me, not to believe any flying story, to the prejudice of those, whom I had apparent reason from what I knew of them to esteem. And consequently, as I should never make this a foundation, you must be contented to wait longer, before you will be likely to receive that office of fraternal love which you ask from,

Rev. and dear Sir,

Your obliged and affectionate

Brother and Servant,

P. Doddridge.

“Your caution has suggested a thought to me whether it be modest to call ourselves humble? If the expression means, a real readiness to serve in love, in any thing low, as washing the feet of another,

another, I hope I can say, *I am your humble servant*: but if it means one who is in all respects as humble as he could wish, God forbid I should arrogate so proud a title. In what can I say, *I have already attained?* Only I love my divine master, and I would not have a thought in my heart, that he should disapprove. I feel a sweetness in being assuredly in his gracious hand, which all the world cannot possibly afford; and which I really think, would make me happier in a dark dungeon, than ten thousand worlds could make me without it. And therefore I love every creature on earth that bears his image. And I do not except those, who thro' ignorance, rashness or prejudice, have greatly injured me."

Sunday 6. After talking largely with both the men and woman leader, we agreed it would prevent great expence, as well of health as of time, and of money, if the poorer people of our Society could be persuaded, to leave off drinking of tea. We resolv'd ourselves to begin and set the example. I expected some difficulty, in breaking off a custom of six and twenty years standing. And accordingly the three first days, my head ached, more or less, all day long, and I was half a sleep from morning to night. The third day, on *Wednesday* in the afternoon, my memory fail'd, almost intirely. In the evening I sought my remedy in prayer. On *Thursday* morning my headach was gone. My memory was as strong as ever. And I have found no inconvenience, but a sensible benefit in several respects, from that very day to this.

Thursday 17. I finished the little collection which I had made among my friends for a lending stock: it did not amount to thirty pounds; which a few persons afterwards made up fifty. And by this inconsiderable sum, above two hundred and fifty persons were relieved in one year.

Monday 20. I set out for *Salisbury*, where, to my utter amazement, on *Wednesday 22.* Mr. Hall

desired me to preach. Was his motive only, To grace his own cause? Or rather, was this the last gasp of expiring love?

I did not reach *Bristol* till *Friday* 25. On *Sunday* 27. I preached at *Baptist Mills* to the largest congregation I had seen at that place, since I was there with Mr. *Whitefield*.

About this time I received a melancholy letter from abroad : part of which I have subjoined.

Meerkerk in Holland,

July 29, 1746.

“ I Have for some years endeavoured to keep a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward man. And for above two years, I have known, that God for Christ’s sake had forgiven me all my sins. I lived in the full assurance of faith, which made me rejoice in all states. Wet or weary, cold or hungry, I could rejoice. And faith, and love did increase so fast, that it was my soul’s delight to do good to them that hated me, to bless them that cursed me, and to call all those that were in a perishing condition, to accept of life and salvation. But O! how are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished! *April* 6, 1746. I was overcome by a great temptation : it came as quick as lightning. I know not if I was well in my senses. But I fell. I rose the same moment, and called upon my offended God. And so I have done ever since. But notwithstanding, his spirit has departed from me. I have wounded my conscience exceedingly. I am fallen into the spirit of bondage and fear. And I often cry out,

“ Who shall tell me, if the strife
In heaven or hell shall end ?”

Munday

Monday, August 4. I received a letter from *Yorkshire*, part of which was in these words,

"On *Wednesday, July 16.* I called on good, old Mr. *Clayton*. He was exceeding weak, and seem'd like one that had not long to continue here. I call'd again on *Monday 21.* and found him very ill. He told me, no one else should have been admitted : that he had much to say to me to tell you, and desired me, to send his kind respects to you, and wished you prosperity in your pious undertakings. Finding he was not able to talk much, I took my leave, not thinking it would be the last time. But when I returned into these parts on *Saturday* last, I found he died that morning between two and three. On *Monday* last I went to his burial, and I was unexpectedly made mourner for my good, old friend. I follow'd his corpse to the ground, where I saw it solemnly interr'd. Many of his parishioners dropt tears, he having been a father to the poor. He died very poor, tho' he had an estate of forty pounds a year, and a living of near three hundred, of which he has been Rector three and forty years."

Wednesday 6. I preached at *Oak-hill*. How is this ? I have not known so many persons earnestly mourning after God, of any Society of this size in *England*, and so unblamable in their behaviour. And yet not one person had found, a sense of the pardoning love of God, from the first preaching here to this day !

When I mentioned this to the Society, there was such a mourning, as one would believe should pierce the clouds. My voice was quickly drowned. We continued crying to God, with many loud and bitter cries, 'till I was constrain'd to break away, between four and five, and take horse for *Shepton*.

Here the good curate (I was inform'd had hir'd a silly man, with a few other drunken champions, to make a disturbance. Almost as soon as I began, they began screaming out a psalm : but our singing

quickly swallow'd up theirs. Soon after their orator named a text, and (as they term'd it) preached a sermon : his attendants mean time being busy (not in hearing him, but) in throwing stones and dirt at our brethren : those of them I mean, who were obliged to stand at the door. When I had done preaching, I would have gone out to them ; it being my rule, confirm'd by long experience, always to look a mob in the face. But our people took me up whether I would or no, and carried me into the house. The rabble melted away in a quarter of an hour, and we walk'd home in peace.

Thursday 7. That venerable old man, Mr. *Tindal*, called upon me once more. How strange is it, to find one of fourscore and ten, as humble and teachable as a little child !

Sunday 10. In the evening, having determined to spend a little time in *Wales*, I rode to *S. Crocker's*, to be ready for the first passage in the morning. On *Monday 11.* we came to the water side, at half an hour after five : but we did not pass till near twelve, and then rode on to *Abergany*. Mr. *Phillips* afterwards met us on the road, and brought us to a friend's house between nine and ten.

Tuesday 12. I preached at *Maesmenny's* Church and in the afternoon, in *Builth* Church-yard. The greatest part of the town was present there, as usual. And God gave us the usual blessing.

Wednesday 13. I preached at *Lanzufried*. As soon as we came out of the Church, a poor woman met us whom Satan had bound in an uncommon manner for several years. She followed us to the house where our horses were, weeping and rejoicing, and praising God. Two Clergymen were there, besides me, and the house was full of people. But she could not refrain from declaring before them all, what God had done for her soul. And the words which came from the heart, went to the heart. I scarce ever heard such a preacher before. All were in tears round about her, high
and

and low ; for there was no resisting the spirit by which she spoke.

The odd account she gave of herself was this : (concerning which let every one judge as he pleases :) that near seven years since she affronted one of her neighbours, who thereupon went to *Francis Morgan* (a man famous in those parts) and gave him fourteen shillings to *do his worst* to her : that the next night, as soon as she was in bed, there was a sudden storm of thunder, lightning and rain, in the midst of which she felt all her flesh shudder, and knew the Devil was close to her : that at the same time a horse she had in the stable below, which used to be as quiet as a Lamb, leaped to and fro and tore in such a manner, that she was forced to rise and turn him out : that a tree which grew at the end of the house, was torn up by the roots : that, from thenceforth she had no rest, day or night, being not only in fear and horror of mind, but in the utmost torment of body, feeling, as if her flesh was tearing off with burning pincers : that till this day, she had never had any respite or ease ; but now she knew God had delivered her, and she believed he would still deliver her body and soul, and bruise Satan under her feet."

At three in the afternoon I preached at *Builth*, designing to go from thence to *Carmarthen*. But notice having been given, by a mistake, of my preaching at *Leominster* in *Herefordshire*, I altered my design, and going to *Lanzufried* that night, the next day rode to *Leominster*.

At six in the evening, I began preaching on a tombstone, close to the South side of the church. The multitude roared on every side ; but my voice soon prevailed. And more and more of the people were melted down, till they began ringing the bells. But neither thus did they gain their point, for my voice prevailed still. Then the organs began to play amain. Mr. C. the Curate, went into the church, and endeavoured to stop them ; but in vain. So I thought it best to remove to
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the Corn-market. The whole congregation followed, to whom many more were joined, who would not have come to the Church-yard. Here we had a quiet time, and I shewed what that *Seet* is, *which is every where spoken against*? I walked with a large train to our Inn, but none, that I heard, gave us one ill word. A Quaker followed me in and told me, "I was much displeased with thee, because of thy *Last Appeal*. But my displeasure is gone. I heard thee speak, and my heart clave to thee."

Friday 15. I preached at five to a large company of willing hearers. We breakfasted with a lovely old woman, worn out with sickness and pain, but full of faith and love, and breathing nothing but prayer and thanksgiving.

About ten we came to *Kington*, three hours ride (which they call eight miles) from *Leominster*. I preached at one end of the town: the congregation divided itself into two parts. One half stood near, the other part remained a little way off, and lowerd defiance. But the bridle from above was in their mouth, so that they made no disturbance at all.

At four we had another kind of congregation at *Maesmennys*: many who had drank largely of the grace of God. I examined them, *Do you now believe?* And the word was as a two-edged sword. After taking a sweet leave of this loving people, we rode with honest *John Price* of *Mertha* to his house. We had four hours rain in the morning, but a fair, mild afternoon, in the close of which we came to *Cardiff*.

Sunday 17. I preached at *Wenbo* church, morning and afternoon: at five in the evening in the castle yard at *Cardiff*, to the far largest congregation which I had ever seen in *Wales*. All stood uncovered and attentive, and I trust, few went empty away.

Monday 18. I rode with Mr. *Hodges* to *Neath*. Here I found twelve young men, whom I could almost envy. They lived together in one house,
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and continually gave away whatever they earned above the necessaries of life. Most of them (they told me) were Predestinarians, but so little bigotted to their opinion, that they would not suffer a Predestinarian to preach among them, unless he would lay all controversy aside. And on these terms they gladly received those of the opposite opinion.

The multitude of people obliged me to preach in the street, on *Repent ye, and believe the gospel*. One man would fain have interrupted, and had procured a drunken fidler for his second. But finding none to join them, they were ashamed; so the gentleman stole away on one side, and the fidler on the other.

Tuesday 19. I preached again at five. Whatever prejudice remained, now vanished away as a dream, and our souls took acquaintance with each other, as having all drank into one spirit.

About ten I preached in my return at *Margum*, on *By grace ye are saved, through faith*. There being many present, who did not well understand *English*, one repeated to them in *Welsh*, the substance of what I had said. At one we came to *Bridge-End*, where I preached on a small Green, not far from the church, on *Jesus Christ, made of God unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption*. It being the time of the yearly revel, we had many strangers from all parts. But none behaved unseemly; none opened his mouth; for the fear of God was amongst them. In the evening I preached at *Fonmon* castle, on the Fruits of the Spirit: I concluded the day with the little Society there, rejoicing and praising God.

Wednesday 20. I preached near *Wilton*, a little town about a mile from *Cowbridge*: and on *Thursday* at *Lanmais*, four miles from *Fonmon*, to a people of a simple, loving, childlike spirit.

Friday 22. I returned to *Cardiff*, and spoke plain to those who were wise in their own eyes. This however was matter of joy: they were willing to receive reproof. Otherwise I should have feared

feared that, with regard to them, I had laboured in vain.

Saturday 23. Returning to *Bristol*, I found poor C. G. there, proclaiming open war. He had preached at S— G—'s once or twice; but I believe had done neither good nor harm. I invited him to lodge at our house; but he did not choose it. O poor head! and honest heart!

Friday 29. I talked largely with S— F—, and took from her the following account.

"On *Saturday, July 15, 1743.* S— F—, then about ten years and three quarters old, waked in perfect health. She had never had any fits of any kind, nor any considerable sickness. About six in the morning she was rising, and inwardly praying to God, when on a sudden she was seized with a violent trembling. Quickly after she lost her speech; in a few minutes her hearing; then her sight, and at the same time, all sense and motion.

Her mother immediately sent for Mrs. *Designe*, to whom she then went to school. At the same time her father sent for Mr. *Smith*, Apothecary, who lived near. At first, he proposed bleeding her immediately, and applying a large blister. But upon examining her farther, he said, "It signifies nothing, for the child is dead."

"About twelve o'clock, she began to stir; then she opened her eyes, and gave the following account.

"As soon as I lost my senses, I was in a dismal place, full of briars, and pits, and ditches, stumbling up and down, and not knowing where to turn, or which way to get, either forward or backward. And it was almost quite dark, there being but a little faint twilight, so that I could scarce see before me. I was crying ready to break my heart; and a man came to me and said, "Child, where are you going?" I said, "I could not tell." He said, what do you want?" I answered, "I want Christ to be my refuge." He said, "What is your name? And I told him. But I did not tell him

him S— F—. I told him a name which I never heard before. He said, "You are the child for whom I am sent. You are to go with me." I saw it grew lighter as he spoke. We walked together till we came to a stile. He went over, and bid me stay a little. I stayed about half a quarter of an hour. And then I observed his cloaths. They reached down to his feet, and were shining, and white as snow.

Then he came back, and kneeled down and prayed. You never heard such a prayer in your life. Afterward he said, "Come with me." I went over the stile, and it was quite light. He brought me through a narrow lane, into a vast broad road, and told me, "This leads to hell. But be not afraid. You are not to stay there." At the end of that road a man stood cloathed like the other, in white, shining cloaths, which reached down to the ground. None could pass in or out without his knowledge. But he had not the key. The man that was with me, carried the key, and unlocked the door, and we went in together.

For a little way we walked strait forward : then turning to the left hand, we went down a very high, steep hill. I could scarce bear the stench and smoke of brimstone. I saw a vast many people, that seemed to be chained down, crying and gnashing their teeth. The man told me, the sins they delighted in once, they are tormented with now. I saw a vast number who stood up cursing and blaspheming God, and spitting at each other. And many were making balls of fire, and throwing them at one another. I saw many others who had cups of fire, out of which they were drinking down flames. And others who held cards of fire in their hands, and seemed to be playing with them.

We staid here, I thought, about half an hour. Then my guide said, "Come; I will shew you now a glorious place." I walk'd with him till we came into a narrow road, in which we could
hardly

hardly walk a-breast. This brought us into a great broad place. And I saw the gate of heaven, which stood wide open ; but it was so bright, I could not look at it long. We went strait in, and walked through a large place, where I saw saints and angels : and through another large place, where were abundance more. They were all of one height and stature. And when one prayed, they all prayed ; when one sung they all sung. And they all sung alike, with a smooth, even voice, not one higher or lower than another.

We went through this into a third place. There I saw God sitting upon his throne. It was a throne of light, brighter than the sun, I could not fix my eyes upon it. I saw three, but all as one. Our Saviour held a pen in his hand. A great book lay at his right side ; another at his left, and a third partly behind him. In the first he set down, the prayers and good works of his people. In the second, he set down all the curses, and all the evil works of the wicked. I saw he had a discerning eye. I saw that he discerns the whole earth at a glance. And he discerns the whole heavens. At once he beholds earth and heaven with one look.

Then our Lord took the first book in his hand, and went and said, " Father, behold the prayers and the works of my people." And he held up his hands, and prayed, and interceded to his Father for us. I never heard any voice like that. But I can't tell how to explain it. And his Father said, " Son, I forgive thy people ; not for their sake, but thine." Then our Lord wrote it down in the third book, and returned to his throne rejoicing with the host of heaven.

It seemed to me, as if I stayed here several months. But I never slept all the while. And there was no night. And saw no sky or sun, but clear light every where.

Then we went back to a large door, which my guide opened, and we walked into pleasant gardens, by brooks and fountains. As we walk'd, I said

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said, "I did not see my brother here" (who died some time before) he said "Child, thou canst not know thy brothers yet: because thy breath remains in thy body. Thy spirit is to return to the earth. Thou must watch and pray: and when thy breath leaves thy body, thou shalt come again hither, and be joined to these, and know every one as before." I said, When is that to be? He said I know not: nor any angel in heaven; but God alone.

Then he took me into another pleasant garden, where were all manner of fruits. He told me, this garden bears fruit always. Here I saw a glorious place, which had large gold letters writ over the door. He bade me read, and I read, "This is a fountain for sin and uncleanness for my people. At what time soever they will return, they shall be cleansed from all their idols." The door stood open, and I looked in, and I saw, as it were, a great cistern, full of water, white as milk. We seemed to walk up and down in this garden for some weeks, and he told me what every thing meant. I never wanted to eat or drink, nor felt any weariness.

While we were walking, he said, "Sing." I said, "What shall I sing?" And he said, "Sing praises unto the king of the place." I sung several verses. Then he said, "I must go." I would have fain gone with him. But he said, "Your time is not yet. You have more work to do upon the earth." Immediately he was gone: and I came to myself, and began to speak.

Her mother, told me farther, "As soon as ever she recovered her speech, she gave me just the same account: adding, "I have learnt the finest hymn you ever heard in your life." She then sung three verses, the most solid, awful words which I have ever heard. She continued speaking many awful words, with many sighs and tears: till about three in the afternoon, she fell into a slumber, which continued till seven. She then spoke the same things to Mrs. *Designe*: af-

ter which she was silent, till about five in the morning.

She received remission of sins when she was nine years old, and was very watchful from that time. Since this trance, she has continued in faith and love, but has been very sickly and weak in body."

Monday, September 1. I rode with *T. Butts* to *Middlesey*, and preached to a small, earnest congregation. We set out early in the morning and were thoroughly wet by noon. In the evening we reached *Sticklepath*.

Wednesday 3. About one we came to *Plymouth*. After dinner I walked down to *Herbert Jenkins*, and with him to the Dock. In the way we overtook *Mr. Mignon*; then a pattern to all that believed. *Herbert* preached a plain, honest sermon. But the congregation was greatly displeased; and many went away as soon as he began, having come on purpose to hear me.

Thursday 4. Abundance of people from *Plymouth* were at the room by half hour after four. I was much refreshed in applying those words to them, *the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing*. And many of us found our hearts knit together, in that love which never faileth.

As many as the room could well contain, follow'd me to *Mr. Hide's*, and importun'd me much, to call again, in my return from *Cornwall*. We dined at *Loo*, (a town near half as large as *Islington*, which sends only four burgessees to the parliament) call'd at *Grampond* in the afternoon, and just at seven reached *Gwenap*. The congregation waiting, I began without delay, and found no faintness or weariness, while I expounded, *We all beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord*.

Friday 5. I inquired concerning *Jo. Trembath's* late illness. It was a second relapse into the spotted fever: in the height of which they gave him
sack,

sack, cold milk and apples, plumbs, as much as he could swallow. I can see no way to account for his recovery, but that he had not then finished his work. In the evening I preached at St. Ives.

Saturday 6. I rode to *Trewillard*, in the parish of St. *Just*. I found no Society in *Cornwall* so lively as this. Yet a few of them I was obliged to reprove for negligence in meeting, which is always the forerunner of greater evils.

I preached in the evening in the Green court, which was well filled with earnest hearers. I thought the house would have contained the congregation at five (*Sunday 7.*) but it would not. At eight I preached to a large congregation at *Morva*, and rode on to *Zunnor* before the Church service began. As soon as it was ended, I began near the Church-yard (and surely never was it more wanted) to expound, *Whom ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you.* I preached at St. Ives about five, to a more understanding people, on *Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.*

On *Monday 8.* I wrote the following letter to Mr. ———

My Dear Brother,

ON *Tuesday* last I light upon a letter of yours in *Devonshire*, which I understand has been a great traveller. I think it is the part of brotherly love to mention to you some points therein wherein I doubt whether you are not a little mistaken; if I mistake, you will set me right. You say,

1. "First as to *Stillness*, "The thing mean hereby is, that man cannot attain to salvation by his own wisdom, strength, righteousness, goodness, merits or works: that therefore when he applies to God for it, he is to cast away all dependence upon every thing of his own, and trusting only to the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, in true poverty of spirit, to resign himself up to the will of God, and thus quietly wait for his

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salvation"

salvation." I conceive this to be the first mistake. I have nothing to object to this *stillness*. I never did oppose *this* in word or deed. But this is not *the thing meant thereby*, either by *Molther*, or the *Moravians*, or the *English* brethren, at the time that *I*, (and *You*, at *Mr. Bower's*) opposed them.

2. "That *the brethren* teach, that people who are seeking after salvation, are all the while to sit still and do nothing, that they are not to read, hear or pray, is altogether false." This I apprehend to be a second mistake. Whatever *the brethren* do now, they did teach thus, and that explicitly in the years 1739 and 1740. In particular *Mr. Brown*, *Mr. Bowers*, *Mr. Bell*, *Mr. Bray*, and *Simpson*, then with the *Moravians*. Many of their words, I heard with my own ears; many more I received from those who did so. And *Mr. Molther* himself, on *December 31, 1739*, said to me, in many, and plain words, that the way to attain faith, is, *to be still*, that is,

Not to use, (what we term) the means of grace.

Not to go to church;

Not to communicate;

Not to fast;

Not to use *so much* private prayer;

Not to read the scriptures:

Not to do temporal good, and

Not to attempt to do spiritual good."

These things I myself heard him speak: as I am ready to give upon oath, whenever required. You ought not therefore to say, "This is altogether false," on the bare denial of *Mr. Molther*, or any other.

3. "Some of *Fetter-lane* Society, when the difference broke out, spoke and acted very imprudently. But then to lay the blame on the *Moravian Church*, as if it were their fault, is quite

quite wrong" I think so too ; and have said so in my answer to Mr. Church, publish'd some time before you sent your letter. If therefore you imagine, that I lay the blame on the *Moravian Church*, you are under a mistake here also : or if you think, I "lay the fault of one man, upon a whole community."

4. "As to the *English* that really were to blame, they confess'd their faults, and ask'd Mr. W's pardon. And some of them, if I mistake not, did it with tears." I really think you do mistake again. I remember no such thing. Fifty persons and more, spoke bitter things concerning me. One or two ask'd my pardon for so doing, but in so slight and cursory a manner, that I do not so much as know, who were the men ; neither the time or place, where it was done : so far were they from doing it with tears, or with any solemnity or earnestness at all. As for the rest, if they were ever convinced or ashamed at all, it is a secret to me to this day.

5. "Therefore to publish things which ought to have been buried in eternal oblivion, is what I do not like." This whole matter of asking pardon, you seem to mistake, as Count Z. did before. I wish you would consider the answer I gave him, "They ask'd my pardon, for using me ill. I replied, that was superfluous. I was not angry with them ; but I was afraid of two things, 1. That there was error in their doctrine, 2. That there was sin (allowed) in their practice. This was then and is at this day, the one question between them and me." Now this cannot be buried in oblivion, that error and sin have spread too far already ; and it was my part, after private reproof had been tried again and again to no purpose, to give publick warning thereof to all the world, that if possible, they might spread no farther.

6. "Mr. W. is partial throughout his journal : " I want to know the particular instances. "In what he mentions of me, he does not represent our conversation rightly." Then it is the fault of

my memory. But be so kind as to point out the particulars that are not rightly represented. "He has done the cause of our Saviour more mischief, than any one else could have done." Tell me how?"—Unless you mean, the *Antinomian* cause, by the *cause of our Saviour*. "I have several times gone to Mr. W. to explain matters, and to desire him to be reconciled." Several times! when and where? You surprize me much! either my memory or yours fails strangely. "In truth, it is he that has stood out." Alas, my brother! What an assertion is this? Did not I come three years ago (before that journal was publish'd) in all haste, from *Newcastle upon Tyne*, and my brother, in five days, from the *Land's End*, to a supposed conference in *London*? Was this *standing out*? —But with what effect? Why Mr. *Spangenberg* had just left *London*. None besides had any power to confer with us. And to cut us off from any such expectation, *James Hutton* said, "They had orders, not to confer at all, unless the Archbishop of *Canterbury*; or the Bishop of *London* were present."

There cannot be under heaven a greater mistake than this, that I ever did *stand out*, or that I do so now. There has not been one day for these seven years last past, wherein my soul has not longed for union. And they have grossly abused your honest credulity, whoever have made you believe the contrary.

7. "Since Mr. *Wesleys* have published such stuff and inconsistencies, I cannot agree with them." My brother, make some of those inconsistencies appear, and it will be an act of solid friendship. But "Time will manifest matters, and what is of God will stand, and what is of man, will come to nought." Most true; and according to this sure rule, it has already appear'd, whose work is of God; both at *Bradford*, at *Horton*, and in several towns, not far from your own neighbourhood.

8. The account you give of the *Moravians* in general,

general, is the very same I had given before : *viz.* That next to those of our own Church, " who have the faith and love which is among them, without those errors either of judgment or practice, *the body* of the Moravian Church, however mistaken *some of them* are, are *in the main*, of all whom I have seen, the best christians in the world." In the same tract, I sum up my latest judgment concerning them, in these terms. " I believe they love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, and have a measure of the mind that was in him. And I am in great earnest when I declare once more, that I have a deep, abiding conviction, by how many degrees the good which is among them overbalances the evil * that I cannot speak of them but with *tender affection*, were it only for the benefits I have receiv'd from them : and that at this hour *I desire union with them*, (were those stumbling blocks once put away, which have hitherto made that desire ineffectual) above all things under heaven."

9. In what respects the brethren are *Antinomians*, in what sense they lean to *Quietism*, I have spoken at large. If they can refute the charge, I shall rejoice more than if I had gain'd great spoils.

My brother, I heartily wish both you and them, the genuine, open gospel-simplicity : that you may always use that artless, plainness of speech, in which you once *excell'd* : and that by manifestation of the truth, you may commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God. I am,

Your affectionate Brother,

J. W.

Tuesday 9. I preached at Crowan. The night came

* I speak of the simple and artless part of their congregations. As for the teachers in their Church, it is my solemn belief (I speak it with grief and reluctance) that they are no better than a kind of protestant Jesuits.

came upon us while I was speaking : but none offered to go away. *Wednesday 10.* I preached at *Portkellis* in *Wendown*, to many more than the house could contain. *W—T—* of *Sithney* rode with me to *Gwenap*, a constant companion of Mr. *N—*'s, so long as he would join with him in riot and drunkenness. But with his drunkenness ended Mr. *N—*'s friendship.

When he heard that one *John O—*, a tinner was preaching, he went on purpose to make sport. But the word of God struck him to the earth. Yet he struggled in the toils : sometimes wanting to go again ; sometimes resolving never to go any more. But one day, calling at his sister's, he took up a little girl (about four years old) and said, " They tell me you can sing hymns. Come, sing me a hymn." She began immediately,

" My soul, don't delay !

Christ calls thee away :

Rise ! follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day !

No mortal doth know

What he can bestow :

What peace, love and comfort : Go after Him go !

He started up at once, and went to the preaching. And the same night he found peace to his soul.

Thursday 21. *E—T—* (*W—T—*'s sister) rode with me to *Cambourn*. When she heard her brother was perverted, she went over to *Sithney*, on purpose to reclaim him. But finding neither fair words, nor hard names, nor oaths, nor blows would prevail, she went away, renouncing him and all that belonged to him, and resolved to see him no more.

Six weeks after, she met him at *Redruth*, and desired him to step into a house. When they were sat down, she burst into tears, and said, " Brother, follow those men in God's name. And send me
word

word when any of them preaches in your house, and I will come and hear him.

He asked, "How is this? How came *you* to be so changed?" She replied, "A fortnight ago, I dream'd a man stood by me and said, 'Do not speak evil of these men. For they are the servants of God.'" I said, "What are *you* one of them? I defy you all. I will keep to my Church." He said, and when you are at Church, how are your thoughts employed? Or even at the Lord's table. And he went on, telling me all that was in my heart. And every word went thro' me. And I looked up, and saw him very bright and glorious. And I knew it was our Saviour. And I fell down at his feet. And then I waked."

The week after she went to *Sithney*, where Mr. M— was preaching, and saying, "Is there any of you that has shut your doors against the messengers of God? How if our Lord shut the door of mercy against you?" She cried out, "It is I," and dropped down. Nor had she any rest, till God made her a witness of the faith which once she persecuted.

Saturday 13. I took my leave of our brethren of *St. Ives*, and between one and two in the afternoon began preaching before Mr. *Probi's* house at *Bray*, on *The promise which is given to them that believe*. Many were there who had been vehement opposers. But from this time they opposed no more.

At six I preached at *Sithney*. Before I had done, the night came on: but the moon shone bright upon us. I intended after preaching to meet the Society; but it was hardly practicable; the poor people so eagerly crouding in upon us. So I met them altogether, and exhorted them, not to leave their first love.

Sunday 14. For the sake of those who came from far, I delayed preaching till eight o'clock. Many of *Helston* were there, and most of those, who in time past had signalized themselves by making riots. But the fear of God was upon them:

them : they all stood uncovered and calmly attended from the beginning to the end.

About one I began preaching near *Portkellis*, to a much larger congregation : and about half an hour after four at *Gwenap*, to an immense multitude of people, on *To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain*. I was at first afraid my voice would not reach them all ; but without cause ; for it was so strengthened, that I believe thousands more might have heard every word. In the close of my sermon, I read them the account of *Thomas Hitchin's* death. And the hearts of many burned within them, so that they could not conceal their desire, to go to him, and to be with Christ. At six we took horse, and about nine (having bright moonshine) reached *St. Columb*.

Monday 15. A guide meeting us at *Camelford*, conducted us to *St. Mary Week*. Mr. Bennet overtook us on the road, and Mr. Thompson came in soon after, having lost his way, and so picked up Mr. Meyrick and Butts, who were wandering they knew not where. It was the time of the yearly revel, which obliged me to speak very plain. Thence we rode to *Laneast*, where was a much larger congregation, and of quite another spirit.

Tuesday 16. I rode to *Plymouth Dock*, and preached in the evening, and the next morning at five. A little after ten I began preaching in a meadow near *Tavistock*. In the afternoon we called at *Sticklepath*, and about nine at night came weary enough to *Exeter*.

Thursday 18. About one I preached at *Beercrocomb*. About five we reached *Bridgewater*. We expected much tumult here, the great vulgar stirring up the small. But we were disappointed. The very week before our coming, the Grand Jury had found the bill, against the rioters, who had so often assaulted *Mary Lockear's* house. This, and the awe of God, which fell upon them, kept the whole congregation quiet and serious.

Before I preached, my strength was quite exhausted, and I was exceeding feverish thro' meer fatigue.

fatigue. But in riding to *Middlesey* I reviv'd: and in the morning, *Friday 19.* I rose quite well. *My strength will I ascribe unto thee.*

After a long morning's ride, we came to Mr. *Star's* at *Waywick*. Mr. *S.* a neighbouring gentleman, who not long since hired a mob to make a disturbance, coming in, Mrs. *Star* detained him till the time of preaching. He seemed struck much more than the congregation. In the evening we came to *Bristol*.

Monday 22. At eleven I preached at *Paulton*; about two at *Oakhill*; and in the evening at *Coleford*. *Tuesday 23.* I went on to *Rood*, where the mob threatned loud. I determined however to look them in the face. And at twelve, I cried to the largest congregation by far, which I had ever seen in these parts, *Seek ye the Lord while he may be found: call upon him while he is near.* The despisers stood as men astonished, and neither spoke nor stirred, till I had concluded my sermon.

Between five and six I preached at *Bearfield*. The next evening at *Blewberry*. While I was afterwards meeting the Society, one grievous backslider, who had been for some time, as in the belly of hell, was struck to the earth and roared aloud. He ceased not till God restored the pearl he had lost. Does not our God abundantly pardon?

Thursday 25. I came to *Wycombe*. It being the day on which the Mayor was chosen, abundance of rabble, full of strong drink, came to the preaching, on purpose to disturb. But they soon fell out among themselves: so that I finished my sermon in tolerable quiet.

Friday 26. Mr. *B.* went to the Mayor and said, "Sir, I come to inform against a common swearer. I believe he swore a hundred oaths last night? but I marked down only twenty." "Sir said the Mayor, you do very right in bringing him to justice. What is his name?" He replied *R—D—*. "*R—D—*!" answered the Mayor; why, that is my son!" Yes, Sir, said Mr. *B.*: so I understand.

Nay

"Nay, Sir, said he, I have nothing to say in his defence. If he breaks the law, he must take what follows."

Saturday, October 4. My brother and I took up our cross, and talked largely with Mr. G. But he still insisted. 1. That there was no repentance at all, antecedent to saving faith : 2. That naked faith alone was the only condition of everlasting salvation : and 3. That no works need be preached at all, neither were necessary either before or after faith.

We took horse at nine, and soon after one o'clock came to *Sevenoaks*. After refreshing ourselves a little, we went to an open place near the Free-School, where I declared to a large, wild company, *There is no difference ; for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.* They grew calmer and calmer till I had done, and then went quietly away. As we returned, a poor *Shimei* came to meet us, bitterly cursing and blaspheming. But we walked strait on, and even his companions, the mob, neither laughed nor opened their mouth.

Sunday 5. I preached in the church at *Shoreham*, morning and afternoon. The congregation seemed to understand just nothing of the matter. But God can give them understanding in his time.

Thursday 9. The day of publick thanksgiving for the victory at *Culloden*, was to us a day of solemn joy. *Saturday 11.* I had the pleasure of spending an hour with Mr. P. He said, "I rejoiced greatly when the Count came over, hoping now I should understand the truth of the matter, and I went to hear him, full of expectation. His text was, *Neither do I condemn thee.* He began, "The Saviour says, I came not to destroy the law : but the fact is contrary ; for he does destroy it. It is plain, the law condemned this woman, but the Saviour does not condemn her. Again, the law commands to keep the Sabbath holy. But the Saviour did not keep it holy. Nay, God himself does not keep the law. For the law says, *Put away all lying.* But God said, *Nineveh shall be destroyed ;*

destroyed ; yet Nineveh was not destroyed." The whole sermon was of the same thread. I understood him well, and do not desire to hear him any more."

Saturday 16. I buried the body of *George Adams* a child about twelve years old. He is the first of the children brought up at our school, whom God has called to himself. From the time God manifested his love to him, he was eminently of a meek and quiet spirit. And as he lived, so he died in sweet peace.

Saturday, November 1. I dined at *J—E—*
Is not this a brand plucked out of the burning ? Has there been one in our memory that so signa-
lized himself as an enemy to all serious, inward religion ? But it is past. He was going out on pleasure, as usual. His foot slipped, and as he was falling, a thought came, "What if instead of falling to the earth, thou hadst now died and fallen into hell ?" He heard and acknowledged the voice of God, and began to seek his face.

Wednesday 12. In the evening at the Chapel, my teeth pained me much. In coming home Mr. S. gave me an account of the rupture he had had for some years, which after the most eminent Physicians had declared it incurable, was perfectly cured in a moment. I prayed, with submission to the will of God. My pain ceased, and returned no more.

Sunday 16. I was desired to pray with one in despair. I had never seen her before, but soon found she was a sensible woman, and well acquainted with the theory of religion, yet when I spoke to her some of the first principles of Christianity, she cried out as if she had never heard them before, "Here ! he says, I may be saved ! He says God loves me ! Christ died for me ! and that I may live with him in heaven ! O then, what is this world ? What is life, what is pain ! I do not care for it. Let me die ; let me suffer any thing here, so I may but live with Christ in heaven."

About this time I received a remarkable account from *Grimsbj* in *Lincolnshire*.

"*William Blow*, *John Melton*, and *Thomas Wilkinfon* were going, on *Friday* last, in a boat on the *Sea* near *Grimsbj*. *John Melton* could swim exceeding well, but *William Blow* not at all. When they were about half a league from the shore, they were both beat over-board. *John Melton* sunk to the bottom like a stone. *William Blow* sunk and rose several times, and was in the water near a quarter of an hour, before *Thomas Wilkinfon* could get near him. At last he saw his hand above the water. He then struck down his boat-hook at a venture, and caught him by the flap of his coat, and pulled him to the boat side. He was quite sensible, and said, "*Tommy*, I am afraid you can't get me in." "Nay then, said *Thomas*, we will sink together, for I will not let thee go." At last he did get him in, and brought him safe to land.

We asked "How he could keep in the water so long, and not be drowned?" He said, "God gave him that thought, to keep his mouth shut, and when he was almost choaked, he gave a spring up, and got a little breath." I ask'd him "How he felt himself, when he was under water? If he was not afraid of death?" He answer'd, "No. His soul was lifted up unto the Lord, and he freely resigned himself into his hands."

I received likewise from several of our brethren abroad, an account of the deliverance God had lately wrought for them.

Busb of Brabant.

Rev. S I R,

"I Have long had a desire to write, but had not an opportunity till we came to our winter-quarters. When we came over, we thought we should have had *J. Haime* with us, as formerly: but we were disappointed. We were about three weeks upon our march, and endured a great deal thro' the heat of the weather, and for want of water.

water. At *Villeear* Camp, we lay so near the enemy, and were forced to mount so many guards, that we had hardly any time to ourselves, nor had *J. Haine* time to meet with us. We left this camp in twelve or fourteen days time, and wherever we marched we had the *French* always in our view ; only a few days, when we were marching thro' woods, and over high mountains. Coming back to *Masfricht*, at some Camps we have lain so near the enemy, that their sentries and ours have taken snuff with one another : having then no orders to fire at, or hurt each other. But the day we came off, we found it otherwise. For at eleven o'clock the night before, orders came for us to be ready to turn out at an hour before day, which was the 30th of *September*. At day-break, orders came to our regiment, and Col. *Graham's* to advance about a mile and half toward the *French*. We were placed in a little park, and *Graham's* regiment in another, to the right of us. We lay open to the *French* ; only we cut down the hedge breast high, and filled it up with loose earth. Thus we waited for the enemy several hours, who came first with their right wing upon the *Dutch*, that were upon our left. They engaged in our fight, had fired briskly upon each other, cannon and small-shot for two hours. Then the *Dutch*, being overpowered, gave way, and the *French* advanced upon us, and marched a party over the ditch on the left of *Graham's*, and fell in upon them ; notwithstanding our continual firing both with our small arms and four pieces of cannon. So when the *French* had got past us, our regiment retreated, or we should have been surrounded. In our retreat, we faced about twice and fired on the enemy, and so came off with little loss ; though they fired after us with large cannon shot, I believe four and twenty pounds.

“ We lost one brother of *Graham's* regiment, and two of our's. *Andrew Paxton*, shot dead in our retreat, and *Mark Bend*, who was wounded and left on the field. The Lord gave us all on
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that day an extraordinary courage, and a word to speak to our comrades, as we advanced toward the enemy, to tell them, how happy they were that had made their peace with God. We likewise spoke to one another, while the cannon were firing, and we could all rely on God, and resign to his will.

" A few of us meet here twice a day ; and thanks be to God, his grace is still sufficient for us. We desire all our brethren to praise God on our behalf. And we desire all your prayers, that the Lord may give us to be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. I remain

Your loving Brother,

Nov. 17, 1747.

S. S.

Nearly the same account we received a few days before, in a letter from the Camp near *Mastricht*. Part of this ran as follows,

" Ever since the 22d of *July*, our army and the *French* have lain so close, and marched so close together, that we have expected them to come upon us almost every night, and have had for many nights strict orders, not to take off our accoutrements, but to be ready to turn out at a minutes warning. And almost every day, some of our out-guards have had skirmishes with them. On *September 29*, at night, *Prince Charles* had intelligence, that they designed to fall upon us with all their force. So we had orders to be ready, and at break of day, our regiment and *Graham's* were ordered to march in the front of the army, with two *Hessian*, two *Hanoverian*, and a part of the *Dutch*. We marched a mile forward into little parks and orchards, a village being between us and our army, in this posture we remained about three hours, while their right wing was engaged with the *Dutch*, the cannon playing every where all this time. But we were all endued with strength and courage from God, so that the fear of death was taken away from us. And when
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the *French* came upon us, and overpowered us, we were troubled at our regiment's giving way, and would have stood our ground, and called to the rest of the regiment, to stop and face the enemy, but to no purpose. In the retreat we were broke; yet after we had retreated about a mile, we rallied twice and fired again. When we came where we thought the army was, they were all gone. So we marched good part of the night, and the next day, about four o'clock, we came to this Camp. We left our brother *Mark Bend* in the field : whether he be alive or dead we cannot tell : but the last of our brothers that spoke to him, after he was wounded, found him quite resigned to the will of God." We that he has spared a little longer, desire you to return thanks to God, for all his mercies to us."

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P I N I S.

